# The Nation.

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## The Week.

Senator Cullom of Illinois is preparing to exert all his influence to secure the Presidency for his young friend, Joe Cannon, in 1908. "A resolution for Cannon," he says, "will go through [the State convention] like greased lightning, if he doesn't stop it himself." Mr. Cullom, who was a sturdy youngster of six when Mr. Cannon was standing pat in his cradle, naturally feels an interest in his protégé. However, all booming of Cannon—the fall of the words cannot be helped—harks back to that extraordinary afternoon in the spring of 1904, when William Alden Smith, half-seriously, named the Speaker for the Presidency, and his colleagues gave such a demonstration of loyalty and enthusiasm as the House had hardly seen in a generation. He has the winning qualities, and it is already decided that he is to be the mainstay and dependence of this year's Congressional campaign. We have elected one President who was within four years of the age Mr. Cannon will have attained in 1908. The other party has nominated a Vice-Presidential candidate nine years older. But if "Uncle Joe" were a hundred and one, he would still occupy a unique place—a stand-patter who can put his views into practice without enraging the revisionist Republicans, an implacable foe of the Senate who finds a Senator the chief sponsor of his cause, a despot whose subjects love him even when he throttles their legislative children.

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Representative Gardner of Massachusetts, better known as the son-in-law of Senator Lodge, is calling for a strong tariff-revision plank in the Republican State platform. He would like a flat demand for free hides and free sole leather. But the true question is whether Massachusetts Republicans think of such a "demand" as merely a means of stealing Democratic thunder, and quelling a revolt within their own party, or as something for which they really intend to vote and fight. Last year's platform in Massachusetts called for "present action" in the matter of tariff revision; and Gov. Guild later assured President Roosevelt that, but for that official position, with its implied promise, the Republicans would have lost the State. But how long will Massachusetts Republicans be content to feed on the husks of insincere platform pledges? Along in the early nineties, several thousands of them got into the habit of voting for a Democratic Governor; and shortly afterwards Massachusetts manufacturers got free hides and free wool. It may occur to them now that, if they really mean business, they cannot do better than try that old plan over again.

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Hopeful, undiscouraged Canada is again preparing to "make an opening for a reciprocity agreement with the United States." It is easy enough to make openings of this kind. The Canadian side of our tariff party-wall is fairly honeycombed with them. The difficulty is that we will not complete the work by digging through our half of the masonry. One day a sturdy Massachusetts workman comes along with his mallet and cold chisel and begins knocking out a few chips, when suddenly a hand is laid on his shoulder. It is the senior Senator, the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge. "Stop, misguided man," he cries in a woodman-spare-that-tree tone of voice. "It is true that beyond that wall are some millions of customers to whom you and your friends can sell the products of our State. But reflect. There is also waiting at the half-completed gateway a man with a wheelbarrow full of herrings which he will bring here for us to eat without selling them to an American fisherman first." The man with the chisel shudders and departs. After him, perhaps, comes a Minnesota miller anxious to knock down the wall, bring in grist, and double his output. But a spokesman for the American farmer dissuades him. The American farmer's prices, except for the machinery and goods he buys, are not fixed by the tariff; but he believes they are, and the reluctant miller stays his hand. So the old comedy goes on, the scene merely shifting occasionally from Ottawa to Washington.

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Mr. Harriman's counsel, at the excited meeting of the Wells-Fargo Company last week, gave us a new definition of high finance. As reported in the *Times*, Mr. Cromwell said of Harriman: "He cannot be replaced, for he moves in a higher world into which we may not enter." The *Sun's* report reads: "There is a higher world where the stockholder cannot enter." Taking the two statements together, it is pretty clear what that higher world is. It is the world of the surplus and the declaration of dividends. The mere stockholder, like the policyholder under the recent insurance régime, is guilty of something like sacrilege in venturing near that sacred place. His proper attitude is to sit in reverent awe while the dwellers on the financial Olympus do what to them seemeth good with other people's property. Though they slay him, yet must he trust them. Who is the stockholder, poor, weak, and erring mortal, after having turned over his money to Mr. Harriman, to say to such a higher intelligence, "What doest thou?" Mr. Cromwell's reminder is timely and wholesome. We see reverence and faith decaying all about us. Rash levellers would pull down even our greatest and wisest. In such circumstances, it is well to have an authoritative voice calling the world to worship once more, telling us earnestly that man cannot get on without having some noble ideal above himself, and pointing us all to the irresponsible financier, who deals with surpluses and dividends according to the dictates of his sovereign will, as the true object of our adoration.

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"If there's anything in these accusations against Standard Oil, why doesn't somebody bring them into court?" That has been said so often by the oil company's apologists that there is a peculiar satisfaction in the fact that some one has brought the allegations into court. At least, a special Federal grand jury in Chicago has indicted the company on nineteen counts for receiving illegal rebates from the Lake Shore Road. If convicted, the defendant may be fined $380,000, or almost exactly three and one-half days' dividends on a basis of last year's returns. But from the public's view, the really interesting feature of the coming proceedings will be the definite test of the Standard Oil Company's much-celebrated reformation. Of course, it once took rebates, so its counsel has pointed out, but that was when rebates were no more illegal than terminal or demurrage charges. And since then it has observed the scrupulous letter of the law. "It says so, and it ought to know." Besides, Chancellor Day and the Rev. Dr. Robert Stuart MacArthur have made personal inquiries and found the Standard Oil to be law-abiding above other corporations. Yet the indictments specify offences which are recent. They are embraced between August, 1903, and February, 1905, and this period, be it noted, includes the explicit denials both of the company itself and of its unofficial defenders.

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The Pan-American railway project, which the Rio conference is again bringing to the front, gains much of its undoubted fascination from its unusual combination of the practical and the imaginative. No stretch of railway is being constructed in South or Central America with the special purpose of serving as a link in the conection between New York and Buenos Ayres. Yet when a country along the proposed route appropriates money to build at all, it

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lays its tracks, other things being equal, in such a way that they may serve that ultimate purpose. Every time the account of mileage is cast up it shows progress toward the long-cherished dream of joining the two continents, and yet little outlay has been made on lines that are not justified from a business standpoint. Charles M. Pepper, a member of the Permanent Pan-American Railway Committee, writing in the last number of the *National Geographic Magazine*, says: "In the intercontinental or Pan-American trunk line project undoubtedly there will be long halts before all the gaps in such sections as those between Cuzco, in Peru, and Quito, in Ecuador, are completed; but all this is easily within the vista of half a century." Since one of the South American republics, Argentina, is to hold next year a celebration of the semi-centennial of its first railway line, this would make the entire work the project of a century.

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So Chinese laborers are to dig the Panama Canal after all. We cannot get enough Spaniards, we cannot get enough West Indian negroes, and labor from the United States was never within the range of possibilities. Therefore the despised coolie is to come in under bond, do the work we want quickly, efficiently, economically, and without disorder; and after it is done, he is to be packed off home. It is a useful function which the Panama Canal is performing in furnishing the plainest possible object lessons of some of the economic and political principles which at home are involved with other considerations. It was shown last year, for instance, just how much additional the canal will cost because its supplies are bought at tariff-created prices. There are a million similar exactions at home, but they do not stand out so clearly. Now it is shown that the most satisfactory way to get the coarse work done is to admit the Chinaman.

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By the addition of Representative Longworth, the group of Congressmen to be opposed by organized labor this fall is brought startlingly close to the very seats of the mighty. Speaker Cannon, Mr. Littlefield, and Representative Goebel are the others who are now known to have definitely displeased the American Federation of Labor. As we understand it, the labor "blacklist" exists only by implication. It is really a "white-list" of statesmen which Mr. Gompers and his associates are preparing. The Republicans and Democrats are to be notified as to which of their nominees meet the requirements. Presumably, if a listed candidate opposes an unlisted one, he will get the support of the unions in that district, while in the event of two unlisted candidates being in the field, the Federation will make its own independent nomination. It is rather interesting that the first endorsement by either party of the Federation plan comes from the Democrats of Iowa, who elected just one Representative to the Fifty-eighth Congress and failed to return him to the Fifty-ninth. It may be in the case of forlorn hopes like this that organized labor will have its greatest success in forcing nominations.

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It is reported that Mayor McClellan is studying the taximetre system in Paris and Berlin with a view to its introduction in New York. Whether as a clever mechanical device or as a contribution to the amenities of foreign travel, the taximetre is interesting. It has enlisted the learned men of the Institut de France to determine its middle vowel, and it has effectually disproved the theory that a cab business cannot be done on a low minimum fare. When Paris and Berlin cut the traditional fare in two and put in the taximetre, it was found that the new cabs got an enormous amount of new business in short courses. The thrifty Parisian or tourist who would not pay 30 cents to drive half a mile from café to theatre, willingly paid 15 cents. The taximetre cabs got a great many more fares than the others. There could be no clearer demonstration that the profit of the cab business is determined less by the indivual fare than by the number regularly taken in the day's work. One can imagine, for example, an enormous increase in the use of cabs if, instead of a minimum of 50 cents a mile, one of 25 cents a half-mile were introduced.

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Since the Smithsonian Institution at Washington is now adjudged to have the powers of a national museum of art, its hesitancy in accepting the splendid proffer of Mr. C. W. Freer's collection becomes fairly ludicrous, if, after all, merely a natural result of being an art museum *sans le savoir*. Justice Stafford's decision rests upon the clause in the charter which reads that the institution "shall have custody of works of art, the results of curious and foreign research." The decision was rendered apropos of the disposal of the late Harriet Lane Johnston's collections, which were to be deposited in the Corcoran Gallery, "until such time as there shall be established by the United States Government a national art gallery." A friendly suit on the part of the Smithsonian Institution brings out the fact that the national art gallery already exists. It is highly significant that this decision has been sought by the Smithsonian Institution, for it shows that its regents desire this power, and are prepared to meet considerable new responsibility.

That responsibility is a fairly serious one, involving as it does not merely the construction of suitable museum buildings, but also the gathering of an especial staff. It would be a misfortune to make a false start by rendering the art exhibits a mere extension of those in ethnology, and certainly there will be small incentive to leave works of art to the Smithsonian until one may be sure that they will be as well installed and as learnedly catalogued as the general scientific collections. All these considerations have, presumably, been weighed by the Regents, and one must expect in the near future the announcement of appointments which will give to the Smithsonian the confidence and prestige enjoyed by the art museums of New York and Boston. The advantages of a national museum of art at Washington need no argument. Perhaps no other American city has so many cultured residents, commanding leisure enough to enjoy such collections; certainly no other city has such a constant supply of tourists, both American and European. No place could be more appropriate for a great historical collection of American art, including contemporary examples, for Washington is happily removed from the immediate influences of the schools and studios. We trust the Smithsonian will make its own the project of an "American Luxembourg," upon which other museums have labored with only too little success. If a judicial attitude in this delicate matter of buying works of living artists can anywhere be attained, it surely should be at Washington.

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Last week's decision of the British Court of Appeals should take the heart out of what little is left in the way of sincere opposition to the Education Bill. It upholds the principle that the local authorities cannot be compelled to pay for religious instruction in voluntary schools. Hence "Birreligion" is vindicated before it has finally been approved by the House of Lords. That Mr. Balfour's act of 1902 was carelessly drawn was known before the Court of Appeals judicially established the fact; this is merely another proof that the Conservative party, which so long arrogated to itself all constructive ability and statesmanship, could legislate quite as carelessly as any other great party. As to the value of the religious teaching, over which there has been such a terrible to-do, we have interesting testimony. In his last speech on the bill, Mr. Birrell told of a member of Parliament, three of whose daughters were educated in Board schools, and are confirmed and communicating members of the Church of England, while the two who went to Church schools are Dissenters, "stern, unbending Non-conformists." The Archbishop

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of Canterbury, in stating that the voluntary teaching of religion is a farce in Board schools, quoted a lady, who wrote to him that in one school:

During the supposed Scripture time I found the headmistress of an infant school preparing in the central hall a selected number of children for some entertainment to the music of a Highland jig. This was distinctly heard in all the classrooms. In one the teacher was really trying to teach "There is a Green Hill." In another the religious instruction took the form of the children singing one hymn after another, while the teacher prepared the sewing.

*Punch* dismisses Mr. Birrell to his vacation in the following terms:

Go, then, to Sheringham, my Birrell, go,
And with your children pluck a playful leisure;
And, if at times your vacant thoughts should flow
To what you call your "Education" measure,
Thank Heaven, with solemn pauses,
No child of yours can come within its clauses.

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One literary man in politics is making fully as fine a record as was expected of him. John Morley's recent address on the Indian Budget has been praised by political friends and foes alike—the *Spectator* even calling it "a speech which must rank among the great Indian speeches in our Parliamentary history." This is not merely because Mr. Morley clothed what could easily be a very dull subject with a rare charm, and drew an eloquent picture of India with its complexities, anomalies, and difficulties. He has begun a new policy, an era of reform which has as its aim the closer association of the people of India with their Government. Mr. Morley declared for this, and for freedom of the press and of speech, in clear and unmistakable terms, charged with unbounded faith and optimism. As a practical measure, he spoke of the possibility of increasing the number of natives in the Viceroy's Council, while reprobating his predecessor's method of partitioning Bengal as an attempt to break up the best educated of the Indian races. For these things and for Mr. Morley's general attitude of friendliness and helpfulness, the natives have every reason to be grateful, as they are reported to be.

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A vexed question in the government of India was brought up by Keir Hardie, at the conclusion of Mr. Morley's speech, in a motion to place the salary of the Secretary of State for India on the estimates, for the purpose of giving additional opportunity for the ventilation of Indian affairs. Theoretically, every chance to discuss the fortunes of the millions upon millions of natives whose destinies are in English hands ought to be welcomed. The Secretary of State and the Viceroy have great powers, with but few checks upon them, precisely as with us the Secretary of War and the Insular Bureau may do about as they please in the government of the Philippines; practically, they are in no way accountable to Congress. Mr. Morley opposed Mr. Hardie's motion, and in this he is sustained by the major portion of the English press. If Parliament is generally emptied on Indian budget days, this state of affairs is, at any rate, deemed preferable to lugging India into English politics. Hence the government of India will probably continue to be autocratic for years. As Sir Henry Fowler has said, since India cannot be really governed from England, the only thing the Liberals can do is to increase the opportunities of the natives to govern themselves. It would be idle to maintain that this compromise is satisfactory either to conscientious Englishmen or to the educated natives, who are more and more restive under foreign domination.

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Professor Koch and his party, according to the latest reports in the Berlin *Tägliche Rundschau*, spent May and the first three weeks of June at Amani. This was in order to become acclimated and acquire some knowledge of African languages, while making a preliminary study of the sleeping sickness, the ravages of which are becoming more and more terrible. Including Dr. Koch, there are five physicians in the party; and a sixth, Dr. Meixner, will join them at Lake Victoria. As the region about the Victoria Nyanza is regarded as the focal point of the epidemic, the medical station is to be established at Muanza; but although Muanza is a military station, there are only six Europeans on the spot. Hence the Koch party will have to live in tents or huts. It is their intention to visit the various islands, most of which have been deserted by the natives on account of the sleeping sickness.

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The Austrian Electoral Reform bill is finally in shape, and predictions of the complexion of the new lower house are in order. The number will be increased from 353 to 425 members. As before, the largest group will consist of Slavs, some 259 in number; the German groups will reach only a slightly smaller total, 233. The balance of the House will be drawn from nineteen Italian and five Wallachian districts. Since a matter of 81 Poles is certain to act independently of the Slavic plurality, the largest and most turbulent group is pretty well shorn of its power for obstruction. The German contingent also is far from homogeneous. On the whole, then, the new elections under liberalized suffrage will probably break up the old Parliamentary divisions along racial lines, and we may expect to see a general realignment of the Diet on the ground of sectional and political issues. It looks, then, as if the expedient of increasing the seats and broadening the suffrage basis will at least secure a new deal. On the other hand, one can hardly imagine that an artificial redistribution of representation means the end of racial bitterness in Austria. If it did, such a mathematical forecast of the vote by races as given above, would be palpably absurd. At best, the Diet is temporarily insulated from its old griefs; the future will show whether the old German-Slav dispute is superseded or merely postponed.

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Gen. Artamonof, who was in command at Vladivostok during the war, gave the military view of the Russian crisis to the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*. The veteran soldier shares the Czar's disgust with a Duma that is not "tractable," and that talks too much. What could one expect, he asked, from an ex-actor of the provinces inflating his lungs and bellowing as if he were in a cabaret and flown with vodka? As for a Ministry responsible to the Duma, the idea was preposterous. What guarantee could such a Ministry give of the rights of property, or what pledge that it would not be swept away entirely by the revolution? Certain reforms were necessary, to be sure, but they must come from the Czar, "the depository of divine authority." Gen. Artamonof, when questioned as to the loyalty of the army, was evidently touched on a sore spot. Yes, it was true that the revolutionary propaganda had been at work among the troops. Even in Manchuria, the officers had known what it was to be stabbed in the back as well as volleyed at by the Japanese. But enough soldiers would remain true, the General thanked Heaven, to kill every mutineer. Throughout the interview, the belief was evident that the Duma had been got rid of once for all.

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If the labor unions owned the factories in which they work, would they insist on an eight-hour day? There is a town in Spain in which 4,000 laborers have for the last six years been their own employers, but their hours of labor are eleven and a half a day! The name of this town is Cibar; it is a station on the railway line between San Sebastian and Bilbao. From time immemorial the manufacture of weapons has been its specialty. Of the 7,500 inhabitants, more than one-half belong to a socialistic union formed in 1900. The members collectively own their part of the town, paying rent sufficient to cover all costs, including taxes and repairs. The workshops for the ten or more inhabitants of each house are on the ground floor. Expert laborers earn about $1.80 a day; beginners, and such of the women as are not engaged in domestic work, earn from 45 to 60 cents. Each member contributes 45 cents a week to the union; also a small sum to provide for the pensioning of the families of laborers who die.

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### *ALL MUGWUMPS NOW.*

In the very chaos of politics in New York State, at present, a wholesome truth is gaining general acknowledgment. This is that independent voting has come to stay. And it is preparing to display its power on a scale as great as that of last year. After the crashing political revolutions of 1905, in Pennsylvania and Ohio, as well as in the city of New York and other municipalities, there was a great deal of talk about the American citizen having turned independent in politics, but the politicians did not really believe it. They sat down to wait for the flood to subside. But it is still running high. And the spirit of independence is showing a strong tendency, not only to vote as it pleases, regardless of party names, but to nominate as it pleases, ignoring party machines and packed conventions. The race for the Governorship in New York is practically, to-day, free for all. Hearst is to nominate himself, as he is entitled to do, if he chooses. It is expected that Mr. Jerome will soon announce his candidacy, which the parties may take or leave, but which will be a fixed thing, in any event. Such contempt for "regularity," with such open defiance of machines and bosses, has not before been seen in our political life.

It is a revival or expansion of pure Mugwumpery that we are witnessing. The thing which was anathema but a score of years ago, has at last become the model of true patriotism. It is easy now, even popular, to scorn being taken in by party labels, and to go where convictions carry; but in 1884, how hard it was! If it had only been an act then to win newspaper applause, it would not have been necessary for Roosevelt and Lodge to discover "the larger good" in eating their own words. Nor would there have been such tears and wails about the crime of abandoning the "greatest party, sir, that ever existed"—the very machine which now Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia is lauded to the skies for smashing, and which decent Republicans in this State are exhorted to abhor and crush. Of a truth, the despised Mugwump has refused to stay in that grave to which the practical politicians doomed him, and in these last years of grace has achieved his greatest triumph—that of having his teachings hailed as the gospel of deliverance even by his former enemies.

All this is a terrible shock not only to the party bosses, but to their academic and philosophical defenders. Where now is all that delicious literature issuing from the very colleges, a few years ago, to teach us that it was idle to denounce and attack bosses like Platt and Quay, since they always had existed and always would exist? Where are those superior preachers of the gospel of things as they are, who explained to us that the true course was to breakfast with the boss, and appoint his creatures to office? In some directions, this philosophy of practical politics achieved notable success. It proved admirably fitted to reformers with an itching for office; it suited also the needs of the bosses. Statesmen with a taste for writing made it the theme of many charming essays, in which they recounted their own skill in getting and keeping office, and challenged the Mugwumps to show a similar record. Even a man of Senator Hoar's calibre had to cast his stone at the misguided men who had sought reform outside of the party, and had thereby doomed themselves to political oblivion.

But the despised Mugwump simply kept on preaching righteousness. In the face of ridicule and hate, he went on maintaining that parties are simply means to an end; that if they become so corrupt as to defeat that end, it is the act of a fool to cling to them; that the way to reform them is to vote against them. All can raise these flowers now, for all have got the seed—but it was seed first sown by the Mugwumps. The main thing, however, is not the question who were the pioneers, but how to make the best use of this large liberty into which we have been led. One thing is certain. The people will not be so easily deceived again. They have their eyes fixed on political realities. Party is but an instrument, not a fetich; a boss is but another name for a usurper; no nomination is a certificate of election; the conscience voter is the man who decides. With these articles of the Mugwump creed now recited by hundreds of thousands, it will be long before the people fall down and worship the old political idols again.

### *NATIONAL DETERIORATION.*

Race degeneracy, which is sharing the honors with race suicide, is the subject of the latest of the Drapers' Company Research Memoirs (Dulau & Co., London). Under the title, "Studies in National Deterioration," David Heron of St. Andrews University and University College, London, presents interesting statistics on the relation of fertility in man to social status, and on the changes in this relation in the last fifty years. Much of the talk about race degeneracy and suicide with which we have recently been regaled has been based upon mere guesswork, or, at best, upon figures from which it is unsafe to generalize freely. Mr. Heron's investigation, however, brings out facts more striking than those collected by the secretaries of college classes. He sets out to find, for certain districts of London, the answer to two questions:

(1.) To what degree is the reduced fertility of English wives associated with social status, or with conditions which mark poverty, disease, or generally unhealthy and improvident surroundings?

(2.) Further, if it be possible to show marked relationships between size of family and social conditions, can it be shown that these relationships have changed, and if so, changed for the better or worse, during the last fifty years?

The answer to the first question is, as we might expect, that "in those districts where the professional classes are most numerous and where many domestic servants are kept, the married women have fewest children." Culture, education, leisure, comfort, and providence mean a diminished birth-rate. On the other hand, in districts where there is overcrowding, where there is a superabundance of the lowest type of labor, where infant mortality is greatest, where drunkenness, immorality, and tuberculosis are prevalent, and where pauper lunatics are plentiful, the birth-rate is high. Mr. Heron admits that the earlier marriages of the less educated, less prosperous, and physically feebler portion of the community "have something to do with the higher birth-rate," but, according to his tables, these earlier marriages "do not account for it to the extent of at least 50 per cent." To such an extent, he maintains, "a lesser absolute fertility, a lessened exercise of fertility, or a deliberate restraint of fertility must exist in the classes of the higher social status to account for the observed facts."

Moreover, the argument that excessive fecundity in the haunts of disease and crime is corrected by excessive mortality, is—at least for these districts of London—destroyed by Mr. Heron's researches. In spite of the necessary subtractions for the higher death-rate, the net fertility of the lower stratum, he discovers, remains higher than that of the superior; and the lower would seem to be gaining steadily upon the higher.

The natural comment on these figures is that always and everywhere the poor have been noted for large families; and that, nevertheless, the world has managed to muddle along. At this point Mr. Heron comes in with the answer to his second question:

> The causes which lead the poorer stocks of the community to reproduce at a greater rate than the better stocks have increased in effect during the last fifty years by nearly 100 per cent.

Furthermore, in 1851 the districts with the lowest infantile death-rate were those where women had many children; in 1901 the condition is exactly the reverse. In 1851 the higher birth-rate of the lower classes could, in the opinion of Mr. Heron, be accounted for by the relatively earlier marriages; in 1901 other causes are at work. He believes, therefore, that he has pointed out "distinct sources of national deterioration which the statesman and social reformer

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must be prepared to consider, and consider quickly."

The case is, however, far from complete; the figures apply only to London There may be countervailing tendencies in other British cities; probably the rural districts of Great Britain and Ireland also tell a different story. For several centuries alarmists have feared that the incessant recruiting of city from country would exhaust the yeomanry; and yet the process bids fair to continue forever. Here may be one of the unreckoned factors in the product; this transfusion of blood, which the statistician has such difficulty in tracing, may be one of the things which preserve the vitality of the British stock. Again, fifty years are too brief a period for a sane generalization in matters of this sort. Improved sanitation, the tearing out of crowded tenements, the crusade against tuberculosis and other maladies, the extending use of pasteurized milk, the numberless enterprises of organized charity—all these movements may change the face of the returns in the course of the next hundred years. Evidently, then, the English statesman and social reformer should accumulate further data before invoking medical science to check reproduction among paupers and criminals, and offering prizes for every babe born of the well-to-do.

Still less is there occasion for our own fluent speakers on the problems of hearth and home to redouble their eloquence. We have no desire to minimize the sickness, misery, and sin in our overcrowded cities; we make no apology for the provoking slowness of our college graduates in marrying and begetting children. But we remind our readers that there is no land on earth where the transition from the so-called lower classes to the middle and the higher is easier and more frequent. Through the agency of public schools and the organization of our democratic society, the stronger and more intelligent boys and girls, though born in most unfavorable surroundings, are unceasingly forcing their way upward. The progress from abject and biting poverty to comfort is often a matter of only one or two generations.

Then, too, our good old American stock—as we ironically call it—is being daily reinvigorated by immigration. Some of our immigrants are, to be sure, rather unprepossessing at first glance, but every European race has proved itself a desirable addition to our population. The people who are now chattering so volubly about the ruin of America by the "influx from Southern Europe," have short memories. Men of fifty can recall the day when the influx from Northern Europe was equally appalling to timorous souls. Rural Protestants of New England and New York used to point to the Irish Catholics, our hewers of wood and drawers of water, as the very mudsills of civilization; but no one complains that the Irish of the second and third generation are not contributing their share toward our advance in commerce and the professions. The German-Jew pack-peddler was once our type of a man without a country; but his children and grandchildren are our captains of industry, leaders in finance, scholars, and teachers, preachers of righteousness, founders, and sustainers of noble charities. The Italian, in even less time, has displayed such industry and capacity that the South is competing with the North, the West with the East, in offering him inducements to settle. The gloomiest predictions continue unfulfilled. If the race be really dying at the top, there are plenty of fresh and lusty shoots to repair the loss.

## *BANK LOOTERS AND EXAMINERS.*

We imagine that the first question asked by most people, on reading the account of the wrecking of the Milwaukee Avenue State Bank of Chicago by its president, was what the bank examiner had been doing during the half-dozen years in which the thefts have been going on. Promptly, after the bank had become hopelessly insolvent, and its guilty officers had fled, the agents of the State Banking Department took charge of the situation, and proceeded to overhaul the bank's accounts with a zeal which would have had some practical value if applied a few years earlier. Yet the subsequent revelations show the president's frauds to have been of the most transparent nature. Use of fictitious names, or of names of obscure people, on loans through which the money was abstracted, is one of the oldest and stupidest devices of bank defalcation. One immediate discovery was that the bank's accounts were short some $250,000 at the beginning of 1901. They are short more than a million now, a sum which represents one-fourth of the entire fund entrusted to the bank by depositors. That these depositors were for the most part ignorant working people of scanty means, will no doubt increase popular indignation at the crime of Stensland and his accomplices. But the well-to-do depositor in other institutions is as little protected as the Chicago victims, so long as lax or imperfect methods of examination are allowed to prevail. The question is one which concerns every man with a bank account.

The familiar answer made by delinquent examiners, in cases of this sort, is that bank bookkeeping is so complex a science that a rascal with ingenuity enough to manipulate the books can conceal his peculations in such a way as to baffle the most alert outside investigation. This is sometimes true, but not, we are confident, in the majority of instances; certainly not in this one. The further excuse to which the self-excusing examiner retreats, when it is proved that he ought to have discovered the fraud, is the familiar apology of our Kilburns and Hendrickses, that proper examination would involve too much time and labor to be practicable.

It has never seemed to us that this is an excuse which should be accepted. The Banking Department and its bank examiners occupy a well-defined position towards the public. The opening of an institution's books and vaults to the frequent supervision of the experts appointed by the State is a condition of granting the bank its charter. Conferring of the grave responsibility of receiving the public's savings, and investing them in the money market for the profit of an institution's shareholders, involves necessarily a constant and searching watch, by officers acting in the public's interest, over the manner in which these savings are used. The fact of such constant examinations by the State is an element of no slight importance in the confidence of the public in its banks. This being so; a general assertion that the bank examiner is incapable of unearthing any but the most superficial and obvious frauds, amounts to confession of incapacity. A Banking Department which can do no more than that is pretty nearly useless for the very purpose which led to its creation—as useless for any public good, let us say, as the New York Insurance Department was, during the years when Wall Street promoters and underwriting syndicates plunged their arms to the elbow in the life-company surpluses.

In the case of the Insurance Department, it is now admitted that the officers did not perform their duty, and did not attempt to perform it. The same motives which led to this laxity on the part of Mr. Hendricks—amiable belief that good men can do no wrong, dislike to the making of inquiries which annoy bank officers—repeatedly led to laxity among bank examiners. It is high time these departments were held to a more rigid accountability. If they can prove that, in a given community, their force is inadequate to decent protection of the depositors' money, then let their force be reorganized. It was the demand of conservatively managed banks themselves which led, a few years ago, to the quiet reorganization of the national bank examiners' force, with excellent results. But the initiative in such reform obviously should not be left to banks. The party most deeply interested, the public with its savings, happens also to be the party which has the power to insist on proper State supervision.

It hardly need be added that the duty of thorough and careful examinations by the banking departments, especially in the case of small institutions like Stens-

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land's Milwaukee Avenue bank, is particularly urgent at the present time. The country has for six years been living in an atmosphere of speculation. We have had repeatedly, from financial circles where conservatism was once thought to prevail, what amounted to public assurances that speculation for the rise in stocks was sure of success. Following this, a body of reckless millionaires, descending upon Wall Street, have devoted their fortunes and energies to precisely such Stock Exchange manipulation as might convince the doubting outsider that the time to double his money overnight had arrived. In the face of such a situation, accompanied as it has lately been, over the whole country, by the real estate speculation into which Stensland flung the proceeds of his defalcations, redoubled vigilance on the part of supervising public officers, in scrutinizing the use of funds by bank officials, is imperative. It is a fact which ought not to be forgotten, that watchful inspection will be even more useful in preventing such frauds than in unearthing them after they have been committed. Belief in the laxity or incompetence of the banking department has been a powerful motive in nearly every scheme to gut a bank. Meanwhile, the people have wholly failed to get the protection for which they are paying.

### *THE ELECTRIC LIGHT OF HISTORY.*

That newspapers, in dealing with the course of events in Russia, should be tempted into drawing parallels between the revolution there in progress and the upheaval of 1789 in France, is natural. It makes the treatment picturesque and, as near as may be, scientific. But, while it would be unwise to refuse to be guided by the traditional lamp of experience, one should see to it that the light employed is an honest, steady-going affair, good for some hours of study. There is danger in switching on the electric bulb for five minutes, and formulating historic truths while the presses wait.

Of this peril, an illustration is afforded by the New York *Times*, which has devoted a great deal of attention to the Russian movement. Its editorial comment shows, however, that it has French Revolutionary parallelitis in a very acute form. The attack began with the first announcement of the date set for the convocation of the Duma—May 10th, the date of the meeting of the French States-General, as a Russian professor is said to have pointed out. Here was a whacking coincidence to start with. Of course, it is possible that if the Duma had met in July, it might have coincided with the date of the storming of the Bastille, or if in August, with the pillage of the Tuileries, or if in September, with the abolition of the French monarchy, or if in January, with the execution of Louis XVI.; yet, when all is said, there was that absolute synchronism; and, without being superstitious, one might predict for the body which met at the Tauride Palace on May 10, 1906, a fate similar to that of the body which met at Versailles on May 10, 1789. The newspaper in question seems obsessed by this coincidence, which reappears in its columns from time to time. The only valid objection is that the States-General met at Versailles on May 5.

Another instance is connected with the rumor, circulated some time ago, of an understanding among the Russian, German, and Austrian Emperors for foreign intervention in Russia, in case the revolution gained the upper hand. Of this the learned newspaper wrote with conviction:

> As for the bearing which a German and Austrian invasion of Russia might have on the fate of Nicholas II., it is writ large in the sanguinary history of the French Revolution. Scarcely, in 1792, had the Prussians forced their way into France than the truculent convention decreed the abolition of royalty and proclaimed the republic; and exactly four months thereafter Louis XVI. was put to death.

And then it went on to say: "Its [Russia's] vast distances have proved in the past, and may prove again, fatal to invaders."

Now, as a matter of fact, nations in the past have intervened with success for the suppression of revolutionary movements in foreign countries, as France did in Spain in 1823, as Austria did in Italy repeatedly, and as Russia herself did in Hungary in 1848. Vast distances may have destroyed Charles XII. and Napoleon, but there are railroads now, and there is telegraphy. And as for stout old Generals January and February, we know that Japan conquered Manchuria at some 10 degrees below zero. But a really better answer than all of these is supplied in the following comment from the same newspaper of an earlier date: "It is, in fine, beyond a doubt that, under existing conditions inside and outside of Russia, William II. would be able, if he chose, to prop up with German bayonets his cousin's wabbling throne."

What renders this rapid collation of history dangerous, aside from the possible misapplication of past facts, is the untrustworthiness of the contemporary "facts" which we must employ in making our comparison. Out of many examples that might be adduced, we cite the prevalent conception of the character of the peasant Deputies in the Duma. When that body met, the newspapers gave space to one picturesque account of a scheme on the part of the Government to provide cots for the accommodation of the peasants within the precincts of the Tauride Palace, so as to isolate them from seditious influences. It was almost implied that such an arrangement would appeal to the primitive tastes of the *mujik* Deputies, in affording them a means of escape from the oppressive ceremonial of hotel life, and enabling them to go to bed with their boots on, as they probably did at home. To the man in the street, the peasant representatives were a horde of Slavic Cincinnatuses who left the plough for the Tauride Palace, and brought the odor of the farm with them. But a photograph of the peasant group in the Duma, which has been repeatedly reproduced in the press and the magazines during the past few weeks, should tend considerably to modify this general impression. Keeping in mind that Europeans do not dress so well as we do, and as a rule do not shave, we should not be greatly to blame if we identified the picture as that of a group of, say, German professional men, with here and there an incongruous figure. And, as a matter of fact, we have learned of late that these "peasants" have worked little with their hands, and that practically all are men of solid education.

Under such circumstances, it is extremely dangerous to draw hasty historical comparisons. Montesquieu, of course, possessed the power of deducing the correct generalization from the wrong data; and we, too, may indulge in historical parallels, even though they are a bit bold. But it is well to remember that some of these parallels, as the Irishman said, may turn out to be less parallel than others.

### *A LAWYER BEHIND THE TIMES.*

Our modern "business" lawyers who can condescend to "suthin' in the pastoral line" may find good reading in "Jottings of an Old Solicitor," by Sir John Hollams. Sir John has run a distinguished and successful course in what still passes in England for the minor branch of practice, although on both sides the water it is ordinarily more lucrative than pleading. Coming to London without a friend, marrying at twenty-four, Hollams soon came into professional prominence. While in the thirties he was offered, but declined, the appointment of Solicitor to the Admiralty; in 1867 he was the only solicitor named for the Judicature Commission, which did so much to reform the procedure of the British courts. Serving subsequently in Royal Commissions on the usages of the Stock Exchange, on the business of the courts, and of the Treasury, he was also of that famous committee of 1894, which, under Lord Chancellor Herschell's presidency, found the basis for the present Joint Stock Companies' Act.

Now, we ask an American business lawyer of the new school to imagine the sources of Sir John's modest fortune. Remember that here was a practising lawyer who not only knew, but had

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largely made the business ways of "the City," had drawn a national act of incorporation, had officially investigated Lombard Street. Why, the greenest lawyer's clerk in New York could tell you that such a man had been "next to" all the "good things." The legal fancy whirls when one thinks of the stock bonuses, tidy underwritings, free memberships in pools that were willingly at his disposal. A law-office in this city has been commended because "every great interest is represented in it." In a sense, this was true of Mr. Hollams's office, but with what a deplorable difference. For here we have to exhibit the depressing, the eminently British, spectacle of a prosperous solicitor who stuck strictly to his profession and cared for none of these high-financial things.

Writing with a cheerful, but to the professional mind most irritating, obliviousness to lost opportunities, Sir John says of what most of his American colleagues must regard as a hopelessly misspent life:

> I devoted the whole of my time to my profession—never speculated or sought to make money in any other way. I never applied for a share in any company, and have never sold any investment I had once acquired. With very few trifling exceptions I have never lent money at interest, either with or without security. With one trifling exception I have never been surety for anyone, and have never acted in the promotion of a company except professionally.

Sir John has the grace to make perfunctory apologies, but actually defends his unenterprising course on utilitarian grounds. He writes, in terms which the office-boys in the financial district could refute:

> All this doubtless sounds very selfish, but it had the advantage of enabling me to devote my time and thoughts to the professional work I had in hand, and this has doubtless to a great extent contributed to such professional prosperity as I have had.

Such confessions will arouse intense sympathy on this side the water, because Sir John was evidently a young lawyer of promise, and capable of better things. There is no doubt, for example, that he would have been fully competent to peddle at a profit promoters' stock that had cost him nothing; he could presumably have affixed a valid and legible signature to an underwriting contract. Can one doubt that his advice would have been properly appreciated in sterling by a Hooley or a Whitaker Wright? He was in large affairs, and could sagaciously have manipulated a "yellow-dog fund" to the satisfaction of its founders. What barred the way to these larger and more inspiring activities—something in the man or some fatal defect in his environment?

We feel we must absolve the environment. The higher ranges of business law are not unpractised in England, even though an up-to-date American office could give the British odds in incidental ways of making the business pay. Even in England, we repeat, Sir John might have done much better than he did. The shortcomings of his career are personal, not racial. He and his entertaining book are monumental illustrations of a hopeless, if quite respectable, old-fogeyism, which, if commoner in Great Britain than elsewhere, is vanishing even there.

The monumental unconsciousness of such oak-ribbed characters is immensely mirth-giving to more versatile minds, and we take leave of Sir John in a comical passage, in which he not only looks back complacently over his old-fashioned career, but presumes to set his example before the youthful practitioners of the twentieth century. Only hear him go on:

> Thus I have indeed much to be thankful for. I have received numberless kindnesses from judges, counsel, and solicitors, as well as from clients. I have never had a serious personal difference with any one, and have never been a party to a lawsuit. I may be said to have been fortunate, but I believe that the road to such success as I have had is open to any young man entering the profession who may choose to follow it, and devote himself to legitimate professional work, and abstain from money-lending, company promoting, financing builders, and speculative business, and give constant, careful, and anxious thought and attention to the professional business from time to time entrusted to him.

We will not dignify this argument by referring it to our legal readers. Such reasoning in this enlightened age will not go down even with our elevator men.

## PARIS LITERARY NOTES.

PARIS, August 3.

There was never so swelling a tide of posthumous glory in classic literature as that of the Sonnet of Arvers. An author is a "classic" when his work gets into school "classes" as a standard or model; and such has been the fate of this sonnet for generations of French students of literature. It is the flowing utterance, impeccable in form and language and gently pensive in mood, of some cultivated youth in the first person singular, whose "life has its secret and his soul its mystery." The following thirteen lines explain melodiously that the secret and mystery are his love for a lady who knows it not. Remember that this was written in the self-expansive prime of Romanticism; but none of the generations learning the lines by heart knew who the hero was or who the lady, of if there was a sequel.

Now, nearly a hundred years later, we have reached the higher criticism. It has ferreted out the christening record of Arvers—classically uninominal forever more—and discovered that he wrote the sonnet in his twenties in the album (Romantic word that) of Charles Nodier's daughter. As she placidly wrote an answering sonnet on the next page, she can scarcely have recognized herself in the lady of Arvers. Concerning this, the neo-criticism differs and discusses, several doctors insisting on anecdotical testimony that the veritable lady was Madame Victor Hugo, whose *salon* the young Arvers also frequented. The uncritical think she is nothing more than that very common article—the lady of a young man's first verses.

It is now discovered that Arvers kept on versifying in print, but literature knew him no more, and he died years afterward, the type of a comfortable *bourgeois*. For once a lady's album induced inspiration in what had otherwise been a blockhead like the immense majority of us. The higher criticism has led to this—a tablet on the outer wall of the house where Arvers lived in old Paris; fourteen new sonnets of a young poet, all keeping the same rhymes and order as the sonnet of French sonnets; and this *tour de force* will doubtless be followed up by a bulky thesis for the University doctorate of letters constituting the final corpus of Arvers critical learning. And in French classical literature indefinite generations of scholars will go on learning by heart (they have not yet the ugly and distorted scholastic word "to memorize") this sonnet which is greater than its author.

One whom glory never reached living or dead now rises up in the constantly increasing fame, after three hundred years, of a brother. It is Antoine, the third of the Corneilles, who wrote good verses heralding the golden age of Louis the Fourteenth. The second Corneille, Thomas, was even a more voluminous writer than the great Pierre, and all lovers of literature know of his existence without having read his defunct works. The elder Dumas once received the visit of an obscure Dumas who had at last had a play acted. "Henceforth France will speak of the two Dumas as she does of the two Corneilles," said the proud author. The giant turned good-naturedly with an "*Au revoir*, Thomas!"

Antoine Corneille was not even spoken of at his brother's centenary, but within the two months since some literary scholar (scholarship now meaning lucky finds in old papers or decaying books in the morgues of the past) has found his history—and his verses. They are not even half-bad, curiously intermingling the stock classical allusions with the simple traits of daily life long before Charlotte cut bread and butter in Werther's high romance or Wordsworth introduced a little girl's porringer into the tragedy of death.

He was a parish priest and drew modest revenues as an *abbé* from a benefice that came to him somehow—not apparently from any political influence of his brothers at the court. His verses show a good deal of piety, of the George Herbert kind, and declare their composition by a village *curé* walking to and fro in trim garden paths, with the smell of thyme and other soup savories in the evening air, while the Seine glistens through the trees.

Piety ran in the family down to the generation of Charlotte Corday—great-grandniece of Pierre, Thomas, and Antoine—when it leaped into fierce patriotism, to flicker out in our own day in middle-class memories of family glories of the past. The

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translation into Alexandrines of "The Imitation of Christ" by the great Corneille has just been made the *pièce de résistance* of Joseph Fabre's "lay" edition and commentary on monkish Thomas à Kempis, wherein the irreligion of the future joins hands with the religion of the past.

A controversy that interests, if it does not concern, Americans is threshed about in a volume on "Sainte-Beuve et Chateaubriand," by Abbé Bertrin. The author is a young priest, who created a sensation by his university thesis in letters at the Sorbonne, in which he vigorously attacked Sainte-Beuve for bringing the sincerity of Chateaubriand, religious or literary, into question. The essential veracity of his tales of travel in America was particularly examined. This called out what was supposed to be a crushing reply from M. Bédier, who has succeeded Gaston Paris as professor at the Collège de France. Besides the impossibilities of the narrative—we always knew that even a distinguished Frenchman could not hear the roar of Niagara from Rochester—extensive copying was traced from the Jesuit Père Charlevoix, who wrote a century before. Since then an inconvenient diary of Chateaubriand's valet, written during the famous itinerary through Greece and Jerusalem, has shown that the literary conscience of Sainte-Beuve was, to say the least, quite absent from the elder writer's literature. Abbé Bertrin now reënters the lists, undaunted, documented, and with a vehemence which must astonish noiseless Professor Bédier among his books. Carlyle, Newman, and Mr. Goldwin Smith have in English differed as to veracity and sincerity, both absolutely and mutually.

The circle which centred in Madame Récamier, to which Chateaubriand belonged until his death, but from which Sainte-Beuve escaped or was expelled, will be a fruitful subject of university theses for years to come. One of its most interesting members, the Duc Mathieu de Montmorency, who was so mixed up with the sentimental life of Madame de Staël, won the lucky number in the lottery which Chateaubriand made of his house in the delightful and mysterious Vallée-aux-Loups near Paris. There had been written the work which threw Chateaubriand's influence into the Catholic revival—"Le Génie du Christianisme"—just as the Oxford movement came from Walter Scott. Montmorency left the house—a veritable château—to his grandson, the Duc de Doudeauville, whose son in turn dispenses in it a hospitality redolent of the past near by the retreat of Sully-Prudhomme, most modern of philosophic poets. And from the hill above floats the sound of Latin Quarter revelry in its favorite suburban resort of Robinson. It is classic ground—all of it—and France alone among modern nations triturates her classics.

S. D.

# Correspondence.

## JAMES DE MILLE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The reprint, in its original form, of De Mille's "Cord and Creese" may excuse me for calling attention to a man whose more solid qualities have never been fully appreciated. To have produced thirty books of fiction in a little over ten years, even though most of the books were mediocre in quality, was a notable enough achievement. James De Mille, the Canadian novelist, did this, and did it under conditions that make the result still more extraordinary. His books were all written and published while he filled the important chair of history and rhetoric at Dalhousie College, Halifax, 1865-1880, and kept abreast of his college work. One may venture to say that if some of his stories were reproduced today, in a modern dress, the language slightly remodelled to tickle the intellectual palate of the hour, and with, say, marginal illustrations, and that sort of thing, they would create quite a momentary sensation. As a matter of fact, old-fashioned as they unquestionably are in tone and treatment, and outward dressing, they still appeal to a wide circle of readers. I have been at some pains to verify this, and find that De Mille's novels are not only on the shelves of a great many American, Canadian, and English public libraries, but are in considerable demand; I have also found them in private collections all over America. Not long ago, wishing to complete my own set, I wrote to a large New York dealer in second-hand books, and after some difficulty secured two or three of the missing volumes, at what seemed to be rather stiff prices. The dealer assured me that he could always command a good price for any of De Mille's novels; that they were constantly being sought for public and private libraries, and that any which turned up at auction sales were snapped up at once.

Far and away the best of De Mille's novels is "Helena's Household," a tale of Rome in the first century. This was one of the first books he wrote, and it was the only one of his novels for which he really had leisure. He had resigned from the faculty of Acadia College, and was taking a year's rest before assuming his new duties at Dalhousie. Some of these months were devoted to the writing of "Helena's Household." He had already prepared himself very carefully for the work, not only by soaking himself in the literature of the period, but also by a six months' visit to Rome, where he could reconstruct the scene of his story on the spot. How successful he was in reproducing the life and atmosphere of Rome in the first century, every reader of "Helena's Household" will bear witness. And yet the book as we have it is but an emasculated version of the original novel. De Mille had difficulty in finding a publisher, and when he did at last succeed, his publisher insisted on the rewriting of certain chapters which he did not consider would prove palatable to the theological thought of the day, however true they might be historically. De Mille fought against this for a time, but finding that there was no other way of getting the story into print, finally surrendered. He was so disgusted, however, with the outcome, that he made up his mind never again to attempt a serious novel. Curiously enough, although all the intervening novels were light in character, with no more serious object than to entertain the reader, the very last one he wrote, published eight years after his death—"A Strange Manuscript found in a Copper Cylinder"—foreshadowed a return to his more serious mood. Despite the surface gayety of this curious story, there is a serious undercurrent that appeals to the student of modern problems of living. Had James De Mille lived a few years longer—he died at the comparatively early age of forty-four—there is little doubt that he would have written novels worthy to stand beside the best product of his generation. He had the equipment. He was a thinker; he had read widely, and absorbed what he read; he had the indispensable insight into human nature and a keen appreciation of the humorous side of things; above all, he possessed imagination.

Quite apart from what he accomplished, or might have accomplished, in fiction, James De Mille deserves to be remembered as a man of brilliant parts, and most lovable personality. His students idolized him, and dedicated an alcove in the college library to his memory. He was a most charming companion, a genial and entertaining talker among his friends, a musician, and also an artist of more than ordinary skill, and a remarkable linguist. He both read and spoke all the leading languages of Europe, except Russian. He was thoroughly familiar with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and had a good working knowledge of Arabic and Sanskrit. He had wandered into every road and byway of English literature, and enriched a text-book on rhetoric, which he prepared, with such a wealth of illustrative passages from the English classics as will hardly be found elsewhere.

De Mille never deceived himself as to the real value of his books. He referred to them, with one or two exceptions, as mere "pot-boilers," but looked forward to that period of leisure, which never came, when he hoped to produce the best that was in him. Like other prophets, he was not without honor save in his own country. The people of Halifax did not recognize his existence, until Mrs. Scott Siddons, on a visit to the town, selected passages from "The Dodge Club" for a public reading, and spoke enthusiastically in praise of the book. Brown University was De Mille's alma mater. A few years before he died he visited the college, and was inexpressibly touched by the enthusiastic welcome he got from the faculty and students.

Lawrence J. Burpee.

Ottawa, August 10.

## VOLTAIRE'S FAITH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a recent number of the *Nation* I read, in an admirable and interesting review of the life of Voltaire, this remarkable statement:

> But then, side by side with this buffoonery, we can place Voltaire's one solemn statement of his belief, written in a firm hand, at what he believed to be his last hour: "I die adoring God, loving my friends, not hating my enemies, and detesting superstition. February 28, 1778. Voltaire."

Where did your reviewer get his information? The facts are pretty clearly established. In February, 1778, he, being then eighty-four, came back to Paris, after twenty-eight years' absence. A fortnight after his arrival he became seriously ill, and a confessor was sent for. The Abbé

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Gaultier came and officiated. Voltaire recovered, but about the middle of May he relapsed, and on the 30th of the month his condition became so serious that the priests were again summoned. This time his nephew, the Abbé Mignot, the Abbé Gaultier, and the parish priest, the curé of St. Sulpice, were present. Voltaire had been suffering great agony from strangury, and had been taking an opiate in large doses, and when they arrived he was in a state of half insensibility. When the curé aroused him and asked him formally to subscribe to the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus Christ he motioned the priests away, and, according to La Harpe, murmured "Laissez moi mourir en paix." He then sank into a comatose condition which lasted till death. There is no foundation for the stories that he died raving and calling for a priest, other than a vague and ambiguous statement by his physician, Tronchin, who was not present. La Harpe's account of the death is the most trustworthy one, and is followed by the Marquis de Condorcet in his "Life of Voltaire," published in 1791, and by all fair-minded modern writers. George Saintsbury, in his article in the "Encyclopædia Brittanica," while deprecating the fact, confirms La Harpe's statement. SILAS ORRIN HOWES.

Galveston, Tex., August 5.

[As the reviewer of Tallentyre's "Life of Voltaire" resides in Oxford, England, we have not waited to get his exact authority for the sentence quoted. Voltaire was not a Christian, but an avowed Deist, and the sentence certainly expresses the creed, though not always the acts (he hated a good many enemies), of his whole life.—ED. NATION.]

## SYMPATHY FOR ANIMALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent, who writes of "Jewish Sympathy for Animals," may be interested to note that as far back as Philo Judæus the same question was raised, and debated with identical arguments. "The sycophants charge us with misanthrophy," says, in substance, Philo ("De Caritate," 18). "But on the contrary the spirit of philanthrophy in our legislation extends itself even to beasts that lack discourse of reason." In addition to the illustrations given by your correspondent, he cites the prohibition against yoking the ox with the ass lest the stronger brute should force the pace on the weaker member of the union. The general reason he assigns for all such legislation is the preservation of the spirit of pity, "the most natural and necessary sentiment of a rational soul." The Jewish legislator, he says, cries to all who have ears in their souls that we have no right to wrong any creature of a different species from us merely because it is different.

PAUL SHOREY.

University of Chicago, August 10.

# Notes.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. will soon have ready a book on "Great Riches," by President Eliot, and "Famous Actor Families of America," by Montrose J. Moses.

Little, Brown & Co. will issue this autumn a "Handbook of Polar Discoveries" by Gen. A. W. Greely, the Arctic explorer, and for many years chief signal officer of the United States army.

The Morgan Shepard Company, which has transferred its home from San Francisco to New York, announces the following books: "The Diary of a 49er," edited by C. L. Canfield; "Henrik Ibsen," by Haldane Macfall; "On the Giving of Gifts," by Margaret Collier Graham, and "Lions," by James Simpson.

Early in the year the *Nation* printed a long account of Fogazzaro's "Il Santo," which both for artistic and religious reasons has created a good deal of noise in Italy. The book has now been translated into English, as "The Saint," by Agnetti Pritchard, and published, with William Roscoe Thayer's Introduction, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The autumn publications of Henry Holt & Co. will include: "The Bird," by C. Wm. Beebe; "The Log of the Sun," by C. Wm. Beebe; "A Cheerful Year Book," by F. M. Knowles and C. F. Lester; "The Friendly Town," by E. V. Lucas; "Maine's Ancient Law," a new edition with introduction and notes by Sir Frederick Pollock; "Doyle's English Colonies in America," vols. iii. and iv.; "Affairs of State," by Burton E. Stevenson; "Joseph Vance," by Wm. De Morgan; "The Ulswaters," by Arthur Colton; "In the Shadow of the Lord," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser; "The King's Divinity," by Dolores M. Bacon; "Felix Gwyne," by Mary Moss; "Casa Granda," by Chas. D. Stuart; "Daddy's Daughter's," by Marion A. Taggart.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have several Italian books in their autumn list. Egerton R. Williams, jr., author of "Hill Towns of Italy," has written an Italian romance of the fourteenth century, called "Ridolfo: The Coming of the Dawn." A more important work is Molmenti's "History of Venice," which has been translated by Horatio F. Brown. "With Byron in Italy" is a companion volume to "With Shelly in Italy" and "Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings." It is edited by Mrs. Anna Benneson McMahan. To these works may be added an historical edition of "Romola," in two volumes, with 160 engravings. It is to be edited, with an introduction and notes, by Dr. Guido Biagi, librarian of the Laurentian and the Riccardi libraries in Florence.

The autumn announcements of the Macmillan Co. include novels by Jack London, Marion Crawford, Charles Egbert Craddock, Pierre Loti, E. V. Lucas, and R. Lawrence Donne. In history and biography they have the following: The completion of the "History of the United States," in seven volumes, by James Ford Rhodes; the second volume of Edward Channing's more popular work; the fifth volume of Herbert Paul's "History of Modern England"; the first volume of "A History of Rome in the Middle Ages," by F. Marion Crawford and Prof. Giuseppe Tomassetti; volume four of the Cambridge Modern History, dealing with the Thirty Years' War; the "Reminiscences of Sir Henry Irving," in two substantial and richly illustrated volumes, by the late actor's manager and friend, Bram Stoker, and the "Life, Letters, and Art of Lord Leighton," also in two volumes, by Mrs. Russell Barrington. The complete poems of W. B. Yeats will be issued in two volumes, and there will be new verse by Alfred Noyes and Percy Mackaye. Other books are: "Highways and Byways of the Mississippi Valley," by Clifton Johnson; "The Fair Hills of Ireland," by Stephen Gwynne; "Tarry at Home Travels," by E. E. Hale; "Persia, Past and Present," by A. V. W. Jackson; "A Wanderer in London," by E. V. Lucas, and "Charleston, the Place and the People," by Mrs. St. Julien Ravenel.

The publications of the Pāli Text Society for 1906-1908 are to include the Dīgha, vol. iii.; the Dhammapada Commentary, the Petakopadesa, the Samanta Pāsādikā, a second edition of vol. i. of the Sutta Nipāta, and the rest of the Patisambhidā. To come out this year are the commentary on the Dhammapada, the Buddhist hymn-book, edited by Mr. Norman of Benares, and the Patthāna, vol. i., edited by the Hon. Secretary, Miss Caroline Rhys Davids (Harboro Grange, Ashton on Mersey, Cheshire). Since its foundation, in 1882, the society has put out forty-four texts, fifty-seven volumes in all. Its publications are under the general editorship of its managing chairman, Prof. T. W. Rhys Davids. The annual payment of one guinea entitles subscribers to the two yearly volumes. A limited number of back issues are to be had at 10s. 6d. the volume; those of 1882, 1883, and 1885 at one guinea. Another valuable work on Pāli which we may expect to see ere long is the text (the *editio princeps* in Western transliteration) and English rendering of the Visuddhi-Magga or Purity-path, the *magnum opus* on Buddhist doctrine and culture, written in Ceylon by the great commentator of the fifth century A. D., Budda-ghosa of Patra. The editor, the late Henry Clarke Warren, is already known for his "Buddha in Translations" (Harvard Oriental Series, vol. iii.), a book of considerable repute in circles interested in the history of Buddhism. The Visuddhi-Magga is to be brought out under the supervision of Professor Lanman of Harvard, who has now finished his Atharva Veda.

The *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekswesen* for June contains a memorial sketch of the late university librarian of Leipzig, Otto von Gebhardt, who died last May. He was born in 1844 and, after several years of theological studies at the universities of Dorpat, Tübingen, Göttingen, and Leipzig, entered the services of the University Library at Strassburg in 1875, as Volonta. He was afterwards connected with several libraries, until in 1893 he was appointed to the post which he held at his death. The reorganization of the Leipzig library after its removal to its new house is largely his work, but his name will perhaps be remembered longest in connection with the great manuscript catalogue, of which three volumes have been issued. Like many other German librarians, he found time for much independent scientific work, and published many contributions to theological bibliography and palæography. In the same magazine the art bibliographer, W. L. Schreiber, calls attention to the importance of woodcuts for the determina-

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tion of undated incunabula. Although he has received much assistance in his studies of German book illustration from such works as Proctor's Index, Voullième's list of incunabula in Berlin, and Haebler's Typenrepertorium, his own studies have enabled him to supplement and correct some of their investigations. Thus, by examining the woodcuts in the earlier, undated editions of Æsop, he found the one by Johann Zainer in Ulm to be the original from which the others were reprinted.

The thirteenth summer meeting of the American Mathematical Society will be held at Yale University, New Haven, on Monday and Tuesday, September 3 and 4. The colloquium will open on Wednesday, September 5, and close on the following Saturday morning. One course of five lectures on the theory of bilinear functional operations will be given by Prof. E. H. Moore of the University of Chicago; and two courses of four lectures each by Prof. Max Mason of Yale University, and Prof. E. J. Wilczynski of the University of California. Professor Mason will discuss selected topics in the theory of boundary value problems of differential equations, and Professor Wilczynski, projective differential geometry.

The committee nominated by the "Classical Association of England to consider the pronunciation of Latin and Greek has issued a draft report. We are not surprised to find that they have discarded the "English" method so-called, and taken as their starting-point the pronunciation of the Romans and Athenians themselves, of the Romans of the first century B. C., of the Athenians of the fourth. The scheme they have adopted for Latin is substantially the same as that of the Oxford and Cambridge Philological Societies, the text of which is also given here. In both alike a special point is made of "quantity," which is to be strictly observed.

The Royal Engineering College at Cooper's Hill, Windsor, is a striking illustration of one of the principal means by which the English have achieved their success in empire-building. The lessons which the constantly recurring famines impressed upon those sent out to govern India was the absolute necessity of the development of the railway system and the construction of irrigation works. They recognized also that in order to carry out these works speedily and effectively a training in engineering having special reference to Indian requirements was needed. So in 1871 this college was founded, and in the thirty-five years of its existence it has sent out 979 men to the Indian Public Works Service. The character and importance of their work Mr. Brodrick, secretary of State for India in the last ministry, eulogized at the closing exercises of the college on July 26. He said that the immense progress of the country was due to nothing so much, not even to education with all its advantages, as to the building of railways, which formed at once a guarantee against famine and a security for commercial development; and to the irrigation works which had not only caused a decrease in the famine areas, but had shown in the more recent famines that the process of recovery, which used to be long and difficult, had been made easy and secure.

At the Sorbonne, the last session of the scholastic year of the Paris University Council was marked by the final leave-taking of the faculty of Protestant theology. In virtue of the law separating Church and State in France this faculty, from the 1st of November next, ceases to be a State institution. The Catholic faculty—an ineffective post-Revolutionary revival of the mediæval creator of *Doctores Sorbonici*—lapsed from existence in the early days of the Third Republic. The Protestant faculty was a matter of patriotism, having been transferred to Paris from Strassburg when Germany annexed Alsace. Before the recent Separation law it was a necessity; the State recognized as Protestant ministers to be salaried and pensioned only university bachelors of divinity. Of recent luminaries the late Dean Sabatier, whose works on the philosophy of religion have been much read in the English edition, was best known. Among present professors M. Bonet-Maury has left many friends in the United States.

Baron Franz von Lipperheide, the well-known Berlin publisher, who has just died in Munich, was a distinguished figure among Berlin publishers and literary men. The publisher of *Modenwelt* and the *Illustrierte Frauenzeitung*, he was better known as the generous donor of the Library of Dress and Costumes in the Berlin Museum of Industrial Art. This comprises eleven thousand volumes and thirty thousand valuable fashion-plates, a veritable treasure-house for painter, sculptor, or writer. Baron von Lipperheide was also an author, his latest work being a very elaborate dictionary of adages, proverbs, and maxims.

According to the annual report of the University of Berlin for 1905-1906, which has just appeared, no less than eleven docents died during this period, while sixteen left and eleven others were called. Seventeen *privat-dozenten* obtained permission to teach, one in the theological, one in the law, three in the medical, and twelve in the philosophical faculties. Last summer 6,856 students attended lectures, and last winter 9,204. Two hundred and forty-five students took degrees, two of them with special honors. The University received during the year a bequest of $25,000 from Frau Anna Weinhold, the widow of the Germanistic professor, the interest of which is to be used to aid indigent orphans or widows of professors of the university. It is interesting to note that the total sum paid out in scholarships or other aids in 1905-06 amounted to $27,586.75. The readiness of professors to utilize their own means to aid the work of the University appears from the fact that Prof. Adolf Wagner bestowed part of the money given him by friends and admirers in recognition of his seventieth birthday upon Frau Marie Schwab as a prize for her published work on Chamberlain's tariff policy. A similar gift conferred upon Professor Tobler on his seventieth birthday was bestowed by him, in accordance however with the terms of the gift, upon the library of the Seminary of Romance Philology. The new seminary for Musical History occupies this year rooms of its own in the old Academy of Architecture, and uses there a valuable collection of music and books, partly a gift, and partly a loan of duplicates from the Royal Library. The new building of the Hygienic Institute, just finished, has cost the University $175,000, inclusive of the scientific apparatus.

There are few university teachers in Germany to-day who enjoy so widespread an esteem or are exerting so wholesome an influence upon large masses of students as Prof. Friedrich Paulsen of Berlin. It is gratifying to note that the 16th of last month, Paulsen's sixtieth birthday, was made the occasion of an impressive and entirely spontaneous demonstration of good will toward him. Hundreds of former pupils and friends from all parts of the world sent their greetings; the Germans of Transylvania presented him in a body with an address and with views of castles and churches of their country; while thirty of his Berlin pupils and friends united to give him a bust of Immanuel Kant. In a circular letter, which lies before us, Professor Paulsen expresses his gratitude for all these tokens of affection in his well-known genuine and simple manner, and pledges himself anew to the ideals of his work. The sturdy independence of his temper is freshly illustrated in this letter by his applying to himself the words of Erasmus: "Semper solus esse volui nec quicquam peius odi quam iuratos et factiosos." Fortunately, in Paulsen's case this Erasmian independence has led to the very opposite of Erasmian isolation and acrimoniousness.

Prof. Eugen Kühnemann of Breslau University, who, it will be remembered, is to be the visiting professor of German literature at Harvard University during the coming winter in the interchange of professors between America and Germany, has just published an account of the work that has been done during the last ten years in Prussian Poland for the cultivation of German intellectual and artistic life in that province—a work in which he, as the first president of the Royal Academy at Posen, has had a prominent share. The booklet, which bears the title "Von der deutschen Kulturpolitik in Posen" (Merzbach'sche Verlagsanstalt, Posen), is mainly concerned with the development of three institutions: the Kaiser Wilhelm Library, the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, and the Royal Academy. All three institutions are outgrowths of what in the first place were rather insignificant local organizations; but through the subsequent coöperation of the Prussian Government and the widespread interest taken in them by the German people they have come to be of national importance. The Kaiser Wilhelm Library received aid from 400 German cities; 279 publishing houses from all parts of the Empire made gratuitous contributions of their publications; all German railways handled freight for it without charge; the Prussian Government contributed to the building expenses the sum of 549,000 marks. It is interesting to note that the library, which at present embraces more than 100,000 volumes, is designed as a "Volkslesehalle" on a grand scale and as a "reservoir for all popular libraries and reading rooms in the whole province," thus clearly indicating its indebtedness to American methods of library administration.

The Kaiser Friedrich Museum is installed in a building toward which the Prussian Government contributed 900,000

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marks. It is devoted partly to provincial history, art, and physical products, partly to reproductions of masterpieces of ancient and modern sculpture; and it contains provisions for regular courses of lectures by specialists on the general history of art. The Royal Academy, finally, is intended to form a centre for all the higher intellectual and spiritual interests of the province. It embraces nearly all the subjects included in the "philosophische Facultät" of a German university; but it does not give any diplomas to its hearers, and it admits as hearers both men and women possessing certificates equivalent to the *Einjährig-Freiwilligen Examen.* As a matter of fact, the hearers belong largely to the official circles, both military and civil, and to the business world of the provincial capital. The first semester, in the winter of 1903-04, had an attendance of 1,160 persons; last winter showed a falling off to 986, of which 455 were women.

"Neolithic Man in Northeast Surrey," by Walter Yohn and William Wright, illustrated by Sidney Harrowing and Percy Frank Smith (cheap reissue, Eliot Stock) embodies the archæological investigations of several years in the corner between the Thames on the north and Boxhill and Oxted on the south. It contains all that its authors have been able to gather as to the Neolithic inhabitants of this region; dealing in turn with their burial-places, their trackways and fortifications, their methods of work, their food, and their implements, celts, scrapers, borers, arrowheads, etc. By way of introduction to their main subject the authors discuss the geological features of Surrey in Neolithic times, and the sequence of races in Britain. The book is certainly worthy of praise. The local knowledge displayed in it is extensive and thorough, and the standard of scholarship unusually high. The would-be antiquarian for whom this edition is obviously intended, will find it a useful and accurate guide.

That anonymous and admirable English poet of the fourteenth century who wrote "Pearl" and "Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight" has enjoyed of late a somewhat singular vogue. The enthusiastic but rather sentimental praise of Ten Brink and others and the excellent edition of Mr. Gollancz have given the poet, whether Chaucer's "philosophical Strode" or another, an academic repute for many years, but now he seems about to cut a considerable figure in contemporary belles-lettres. Two years ago, his "Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight" was made the basis of a whimsical paraphrase by Prof. Charlton M. Lewis, who approached the old romantic story in something of a Byronic temper, or, to be more precise, in that gay spirit wherewith Pulci and Boiardo treated the heroic legends of Roland. In the present season we have two modern English metrical versions of "Pearl" conceived in the most serious and sympathetic mood; one by G. G. Coulton (Nutt), and one by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell (The Century Co.). Both poets avow a disbelief in the theory now of wide acceptance that the poem is wholly a religious allegory written by an ecclesiastic; both earnestly assert it to be the sincere and poignant lament of a father for his daughter. Both minimize rather too decidedly the bearing of Prof. W. H. Schofield's recent important discovery that the piece is in substance a translation of Boccaccio's fourteenth eclogue, written in memory of his daughter Violante; but both make a good case for the unecclesiastical humanity of their author. This contention, in our opinion, might have been still further strengthened by a reference to "Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight." The poet who penned the sympathetic, and, so to say, Shawesque, temptation scenes between Sir Gawayne and the Lady of the Castle might, as a layman, have compassed without insincerity the range between them and the idealizing devotion of "Pearl,"—but scarcely as a priest.

In the case of two versions of the same piece so honestly wrought as these, comparisons are not odious but interesting. Mr. Coulton has attempted to render the poem in entirety with the utmost fidelity, and in the metre and rhyme system of the original; Dr. Mitchell, on the other hand, has aimed at a pleasing and suggestive paraphrase; he has omitted a number of stanzas of the more allegorical cast and has adopted a slightly easier metrical form. The virtues of the two versions are consonant with their diverse aims. Mr. Coulton's is the more resourceful and adroit in solving difficulties and in communicating something of the color and tang of the original, though these qualities of his work could perhaps hardly be savored without some technical knowledge of Middle English idioms; Dr. Mitchell's version is the suaver in tone, and conceived, if with less zest for the flavor of the old poet's style—yet with a deeper partaking in his mood. It concludes with "an afterword," which, whatever we may think of its substance, considered as scholarship, is of a penetrating poignancy:

A little grave, a nameless man's distress,
And lo! a wail of lyric tenderness,
Unheard, unseen for half a thousand years,
Asks from love's equal loss the praise of tears.

Under the rather misleading title of "The Undying Past," Beatrice Marshall, whose British nationality shows itself in such words as "bar-maid," "luggage," and "parcel," offers, through John Lane, the first translation into English of Hermann Sudermann's "Es War" ("Once Upon a Time"), written by that author in 1884, and only published ten years later when encouraged by the success of "Frau Sorge." It is a story familiar to all students of Sudermann as setting forth, with a somewhat weaker hand, the same antipathies observable in "Dame Care"—disbelief in penitential tears without good works as a means of salvation, disgust with the established German church and the fattened clergy, and contempt for the corps-student, with his challenges, duels, and idle hours. The writer, who has already translated Sudermann's "Regina," sticks faithfully to the text, refreshing it here and there with colloquial talk or such a variant as "snigger," and touching up the prosy places with more or less untranslatable German. That which is eminently unsatisfactory, besides the title, however—and it is a deficiency usually observable in translations of novels whose publishers eye too parsimoniously every additional page of type and paper—is the absence of any biographical introduction by which the reader may learn something of the German author, his place in modern literature, when the book in question was written and to what degree of success it has attained. Such a note, for example, could have told us that Sudermann has penned but few novels, and that he seems to have now given himself up entirely to the drama; that "Es War" has been only about half as popular abroad as "Frau Sorge," a translation of which in English has been out since 1891; and that yet "Es War" had, by July of the present year, almost reached its fortieth edition in Germany.

There is very little of the blend of realism and mysticism usually associated with the name of Emilia Pardo Bazán in "The Mystery of the Lost Dauphin," translated from the Spanish by Annabel Hord Seeger (Funk & Wagnalls Co). It is, on the contrary, decidedly melodramatic, and abounds in romantic elements of a kind to make Miss Corelli turn pale with envy. The novel is so well constructed, there is so much rich color in the landscapes, and so much clever character drawing that, at first sight, it seems strange it does not interest one particularly. But the reason is not far to seek. It is a novel of propaganda. Señora Pardo Bazán believes devoutly that Naundorff, the disreputable Jewish peddler of Prussia, was the true prince, and his present Majesty, Jean III., would be now enthroned in Paris, if everybody had his rights. Now, if the late R. L. Stevenson had set out to prove through the medium of an historical novel that Lambert Simnel, and not Henry VII., was the legitimate King of England, even his genius would have hardly succeeded in making the tale attractive to the general reader. The fact that Henry made Lambert a scullion in the royal kitchen would destroy all the romance of it. So the sordid characteristics of Naundorff's early life dispel the illusion in which the author envelops her hero. And yet it is a pity that so much high intensity of dramatic emotion should be so wasted. Not only is the señora an adept in the management of such old-time melodramatic paraphernalia as sliding panels, midnight murders, tortures, and such like, but, not unfrequently, we have a revelation of the profound insight which enabled her to penetrate into the core of the heart of Madrid in "Morrina," and to lay bare the most elusive qualities of the Gallician temperament in the "Pazos de Ulloa." The picture of Louis XVIII. might have been done by Balzac: the placid irony, sentimentality, and pedantry of the monarch "who read Horace in public, and yellowbacks when alone" is hit off admirably, although the exigencies of the case require that he should be something of a fiendish scoundrel, which is unjust to the poor *goutteux;* and Volpetti, the spy, though evidently suggested by the Corentin of "Une Ténébreuse Affaire," does not suffer by comparison with his prototype.

Miss Alice C. C. Gaussen has definitely joined herself to the band of English writers who are exploiting the eighteenth century, not for the most part, it must be said, with much learning or talent. Two years ago she published a work of some bulk and seriousness, which was built about the correspondence of Sir William Weller Pepys (1758-1825; of the family of the great diarist, to which Miss Gaussen is herself related) with Mrs. Montagu, Hannah More, and other much-writing folk of the age.

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Now she adds rather a flimsy volume entitled, "A Woman of Wit and Wisdom" (E. P. Dutton & Co., $3 net), which introduces us to the same fluttering society of the *bas bleus*. Her subject, Elizabeth Carter, has the advantage of being really erudite, whereas most of the ladies of that set had a large amount of pretension, not to say conceit, on a small basis of knowledge. Mrs. Carter read Latin and Greek and Hebrew, besides most of the modern languages, and she read them with understanding. Her translation of Epictetus brought her a deserved reputation—and a very comfortable sum of money. Fanny Burney once said of her that she knew books, but that of life and manners she was as ignorant as a nun. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Carter, while not possessing Miss Burney's dramatic skill, had a very fair vision of life and far more of reflection than the author of "Evelina" could boast. Her letters are filled with shrewd comments and bits of humorous philosophy. Though most of her eighty-eight years were passed in the remote Kentish town of Deal, where she fortified herself for continued study with the use of snuff, wet towels, and the chewing of green tea and coffee, yet she was not a recluse in any sense. She writes once to a friend:

> I have played the rake enormously these last two days, and sat up till near three in the morning. I walked three miles in a wind that I thought would have blown me out of this planet, danced nine hours, and then walked back again. I am not so devoted to these earthly entertainments, but that I still retain a great regard to the stars.

She was a friend of Archbishop Secker (whom Horace Walpole so ridiculed for his hasty time-serving) and a frequent visitor at Lambeth Palace. Dr. Johnson, too, gave her a genuine admiration, which he never bestowed on Mrs. Montagu or any other woman of the circle, except his thrice-dear Fanny. All this happy life Miss Gaussen sets forth, but in a fashion so scrappy and inconsequent as to destroy half the interest of her theme. She has, moreover, a peculiar trick of irrelevance. "It was written," she remarks casually of a play, "in 1784, the year of his death, by James Thomson, author of 'The Seasons,' the Roxburghshire poet, who was born at Ednam in 1700." The habit is absurdly conspicuous in most of these semi-literary exploiters of the eighteenth century. It would appear that literature is a new discovery for them.

Higher critics of the Old Testament have often urged that their arguments can be approved by non-technical students; they ought not, therefore, to take it amiss if a stranger to critical studies conducts an examination of some of their principal theories, even though the verdict be unfavorable. Such is the case with the Rev. Randolph H. McKim of the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, D. C., in a volume entitled "The Problem of the Pentateuch" (Longmans, Green & Co., $1 net). Dr. McKim writes as "one of the jury" to whom the case for the documentary origin of the Pentateuch and the theory associated with the names of Graf and Wellhausen has been submitted, and he pronounces himself thoroughly unconvinced. He does not deny that documents were used in the composition of the early books of the Bible, but that any literary analysis can now separate them he will not believe. In this respect, he is not as open-minded as Prof. James Orr, who admits freely that the separation of the priestly document from the prophetic histories is now too firmly fixed to be shaken. The Josian date of Deuteronomy and the exilic origin of the priestly portions of the Pentateuch are views particularly objectionable to Dr. McKim. Despite the pains he has taken in the investigation of these matters, it cannot be said that he has comprehended the case put forward by historical criticism. Had he done so, he could not have written that the Graf-Wellhausen hypothesis is "based predominantly on philology." Philology, to be sure, enters into the argument, but the basis of the critical views is the historical principle of development. As long as men could believe that a highly developed system of morals and a noble religious faith could spring up almost in a day among a few tribes of Bedouins lately escaped from slavery, so long the traditional view of Hebrew history was possible. In a world which believes that moral ideals and religious beliefs grow slowly, as do all things else, some such view must certainly be held as that which Dr. McKim rejects. It is of no use to plead that the higher criticism is "destructive of the divine origin of the Jewish religion and destructive also of the divine authority of our Lord Jesus Christ." In the face of such warnings critical views have steadily gained converts, and they must be met, if they are to be met at all, by a yet more credible construction of the history, based on examination of the sources, rather than by exhibition of disagreements among competent Hebraists and by waving the red flag of danger to piety.

At a time when the pioneers of Western exploration are honored daily by marble statues and expensive reprints, it is impossible to ignore La Salle. Father Hennepin has reached the dignity of being modelled in butter at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and Wisconsin sends a striking figure of Father Marquette to represent her in the statuary hall of the Capitol; but however great the fame of these and other ecclesiastics, it can never eclipse the renown of the intrepid layman who with self-confidence went on his way even when it carried him athwart the Jesuits. The perennial interest in La Salle's career is once more attested by the simultaneous publication of two works which contain original accounts of his expeditions to the Mississippi valley. One of these—"The Journeys of La Salle"—is edited by Dr. I. J. Cox, and forms a contribution in two volumes to the "Trail Makers" series (New York: Barnes). The other is Joutel's "Journal of La Salle's Last Voyage," with an introduction and notes by Dr. H. R. Stiles (Albany: McDonough). As Dr. Cox's second volume is occupied with the text of Joutel's "Journal," these two reprints run parallel to that extent. But Dr. Stiles gives without change the first English translation of 1714, whereas in the other edition the spelling has been modernized. This difference is accounted for by a corresponding difference in aim. Dr. Cox contributes to a popular series in which each volume is sold at a low figure, while Dr. Stiles, avowedly following in the footsteps of Shea, appeals to the smaller circles of scholars and collectors. Dr. Cox's first volume embraces such narratives of Tonty, Membré, Hennepin, Douay, Le Clercq, and Jean Cavelier, as deal with La Salle's expeditions. Dr. Stiles, on the contrary, restricts himself to Joutel. Both editors have, in the main, accomplished what they set out to do, for Dr. Cox furnishes the general public with the leading texts in convenient form, which apparently is all that he and his publisher designed. Dr. Stiles, restricting himself to a single classic, has worked upon it intensively, though he cannot be taxed with overminuteness. If his annotations were more detailed the result perhaps would be more satisfactory than it is, but we are not disposed to cavil at such a beautiful example of book-making, when, after all, it gives us a careful recension of an important text. We subjoin Joutel's verdict upon La Salle's character since, with the utmost terseness, it seems to bring out the essential facts:

> He had a Capacity and Talent to make his Enterprize successful; his Constancy and Courage and his extraordinary knowledge in Arts and Sciences, which render'd him fit for any Thing, together with an indefatigable Body, which made him surmount all Difficulties, would have procured a glorious Issue to his Undertaking, had not all those excellent Qualities been counterbalanced by too haughty a Behaviour, which sometimes made him insupportable, and by a Rigidness towards those that were under his Command, which at last drew on him an implacable Hatred, and was the Occasion of his Death.

A. P. C. Griffin, of the Congressional Library, has enriched Dr. Stiles's edition of Joutel with an excellent "Bibliography of the Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley." However, as bibliographers love absolute accuracy, we may point out that M. Benjamin Sulte does not spell his name with an accent.

A portrait of Mrs. Edwards by Fantin-Latour has been presented to the city of Paris, for the Petit Palais, by Madame Fantin-Latour. This will be one of very few portraits of a living personage in the Petit Palais. Mrs. Edwards and her late husband were almost lifelong friends of the artist. Another gift to the Petit Palais is "La Carola," by Edouard Dufeu, presented by Mme. Esnault-Pelterie; another is a bust of Harpignies by Ségoffin.

The French Minister of Finance, looking everywhere for money, has suggested a tax on imported pictures and art objects. The *Athenæum* comments on the proposal as follows:

> As the tax . . . is estimated to produce only £60,000 a year, some suspect that the real object behind it must be rather protection than revenue. But would not the chief effect be to protect the great French masters of the eighteenth century against their British rivals of that date? If the objects imported were to be stamped on the back, there might, however, be some incidental check on the arrival from London of "Turners" of high merit never known to Turner.

The life of Vincenzo Foppa (*ob.* 1492), the founder of the early Lombard school, is being written by Miss C. Jocelyn Ffoulkes and the Rev. Rodolfo Maiocchi of Pavia. This book, which will be published by John Lane, will embody the results of the most recent and exhaustive researches in Italian archives, and will contain repro-

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ductions of all the known works of this rare master. The authors wish to make the list of works as complete as possible, and would be glad to hear from any collector possessing paintings or drawings by Foppa or his immediate followers. The period of the artist's activity covers a space of more than sixty years—a fact only recently discovered—so that some of his late works may now be in existence unrecognized.

An important example of Lucas Cranach the Elder has just been bought by the Städel Institut, Frankfurt. It is a triptych, painted, as an inscription attests, in the year 1509. It is believed to be the famous altar piece painted for the church at Torgau. The central panel represents the Virgin and St. Anne seated in a columned hall; St. Joseph sleeps in the background. The infant Jesus and St. John play in the foreground. Portraits of the princely family of Mecklenburg are recognized in the picture. In the left wing the Virgin gives suck to the Holy Child. A princely donor is in the distance. There is a fine landscape as background. In the right wing St. Anne, a portrait, again appears, caring for the Christ Child and St. John; a donor reads in the background. The work is said to show strong Flemish influence, and to rank with the best of the Cranachs' productions.

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Wagner and Puccini, we read, accounted for more than two-thirds of the total number of performances given at the late opera season in London.

The English assert that both of Puccini's most popular operas, "La Bohême" and "Madame Butterfly," have reached the world from Italy via England. The last-named work, indeed, did not win favor in Italy until after London had put on its seal of approval. This resulted also in a production in Budapest, in the promise of a performance in Paris, and in arrangements for both English and Italian performances in New York. When first given in Milan, it was hissed, and the composer has confided to a friend that he will have no more operas produced in that city, and will probably favor London for his next *première*. He has already chosen a subject for his next opera—Pierre Long's novel "La Femme de Le Pantin."

It is amusing to find in a volume recently issued in Munich, containing the reminiscences, diaries, and letters of Hermann Zumpe, the following estimate, dated 1871, of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger": "The opera left me perfectly cold. There is no soul here, no noble passion. Cleverness and dexterity one cannot deny Wagner, but that is no praise for a great composer. The fact is that, to put it in a few words, Wagner is not a composer by the grace of God. Better none at all than such a one." The man who wrote this subsequently became one of the most ardent Wagnerian enthusiasts and missionaries, although he was not one of the greatest of his interpreters. In his Bayreuth notes, Zumpe gives an instance of Wagner's willingness to change his mind. Wagner had entertained a prejudice against the famous Munich tenor, Vogl. Efforts were made on all sides to overcome this feeling, and finally Wagner invited him to Bayreuth. The tenor came, sang, and conquered. Wagner embraced him and begged his forgiveness.

Among Zumpe's aphorisms occur the following two: "There are two types of conductors, pigs and martyrs. Few die the death of the latter."

Mr. Harvey Worthington Loomis is preparing for publication a collection of seventy-five original children's songs. Heretofore the leading American composers have strangely neglected this field, and it is therefore encouraging to find Mr. Loomis devoting himself to this task, which is one of the utmost importance, for it is only by educating these adults of the future up to good music that America can ever become a musical country. Mr. Loomis is very optimistic. He believes that the music of the Tenderloin is our real folk music, and that some day a genuine American art will be built upon it. Perhaps it will—somewhat in the same way in which the rags a tramp wears may be converted into fine writing paper; but in no other way that we can see.

One of the events of the next musical season will be the first performance in this country of the violin concerto of Sibelius, by Maud Powell, at the second pair of Philharmonic concerts under the direction of Mr. Safonoff. Sibelius is one of the most interesting of the younger composers; he has not only local color characteristic of Finland, his native country, but he has what so few have—melodic ideas. It will be remembered that Dvorák invited Miss Powell to give his own violin concerto its first hearing at a New York Philharmonic concert. Last season she played Henry Holden Huss's concerto, for the first time anywhere. Camille Saint-Saëns requested her four years ago in London to play his B minor concerto under his own direction, and, when Max Bruch heard her play one of his own concertos he was so much pleased that he assured her she played it better than Sarasate, to whom he had dedicated it. Miss Powell also gave the Tchaikovsky concerto its first American production under the bâton of Theodore Thomas.

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## RECENT POETRY.

When a young poet publishes his works dramatic and lyrical in a quarto volume nearly two inches thick on a very expensive grade of paper it is difficult for the poetic critic to approach it in the genial and receptive temper wherewith he turns to the traditional slender and modest book of song. It is inevitable that he should be provoked to measure it by more difficult standards and search it with a more judicial eye. It cannot be said that the handsome volume of "Plays and Lyrics" by Cale Young Rice (McClure, Phillips & Co.) wins through such a test very triumphantly. Though Mr. Rice states in his preface that his desire has been to include only his best work, he has omitted his vivid, if youthful, tragedy, "Charles di Tocca," in favor of his melodramatic and unsatisfactory "David," of which mention has already been made in these columns; and it is extremely questionable whether "Yolanda of Cyprus," the new play with which the volume opens, can afford any reader as much poetic pleasure as the earlier piece. "Yolanda" is a play of adultery, intrigue, and sacrifice, which, however, ends with the happiness of its chief character. It is conceived with a certain vigor, and executed with a considerable richness of romantic background, but it begins too violently, and it is carried through at fever heat with little or no relief or artistic modulation of mood, while the ejaculatory blank verse, with its numerous violences of phrase, does little to mitigate the mad precipitation of the plot. A little more restraint, a little firmer handling of structural form—in short a little more "seriousness" might have made it an admirable and a pleasurable performance.

The lyrics which make up the bulk of the book have the merits and defects of the dramatic pieces. Part of the poet's equipment Mr. Rice has amply. He is moodily aware of the passionate issues of life, particularly as they have been revived in the pages of the English romantic poets; he has an excellent command of picturesque diction; but the defects of these qualities are his in excess. Too often a certain flagrancy of mood, expressed in too picturesque diction, gives his work a gasconading flavor which fails to afford the reader the fullest æsthetic pleasure. If it be true, as many have thought, that the dark night of poetry which now envelops us is the sequel of the long day of romanticism, and soon to be succeeded in turn by a more enlightened, more humane classicism, then Mr. Rice's ambitious work is a significant document. For, like the writing of some of the latest of the Jacobean dramatists, it presents the spectacle of a passionate romanticism, unballasted by true poetic scholarship, and unpiloted by effective art. But it is perhaps unfair to Mr. Rice to allow the magnitude and material splendor of his volume to incite us to swell that cold wind of criticism, which, we may hope, foreruns the dawn. Occasionally he writes in simplicity as well as sincerity, without labored linguistic bravuras, or moody excesses: at such times, if not impeccable, he is often pleasurably poignant; as in this little song:

I met a child upon the moor
A-wading down the heather;
She put her hand into my own,
We crossed the fields together.

I led her to her father's door—
A cottage mid the clover,
I left her—and the world grew poor
To me, a childless rover.

I met a maid upon the moor,
The morrow was her wedding.
Love lit her eyes with lovelier hues
Than the eve-star was shedding.

She looked a sweet good-bye to me,
And o'er the stile went singing.
Down all the lonely night I heard
But bridal bells a-ringing.

I met a mother on the moor,
By a new grave a-praying,
The happy swallows in the blue
Upon the winds were playing.

"Would I were in his grave," I said,
"And he beside her standing!"
There was no heart to break if death
For me had made demanding.

"Corydon, an Elegy in Memory of Matthew Arnold and Oxford," by Reginald Fanshawe (Henry Frowde) is no such "slender shallop of lament" as its author modestly alleges. It is a volume of two hundred and twenty-four Spenserian stanzas, preceded by an elaborate and somewhat tremendous analysis, wherein we are told that this stanza treats of "Arnold

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Toynbee and a new social ideal," that of "T. H. Green and idealism," etc., etc. Yet in passing from the programme to the performance itself the reader is most pleasantly surprised to find it continuously informed by a mellow poetic mood, and containing scarcely a lapse from suave and accomplished workmanship. The tone is frankly academic and traditional, and most successfully so. Save for the sensitiveness to vaulting intellectual systems and the lack of the instinct for compression, one could almost imagine some later Gray living retired in "sullen" chambers, and composing such polished, thoughtful stanzas as these. Perhaps the first trait that strikes the reader is the curious felicity of critical characterizations, but a line long—a felicity recalling the masterly triumphs in this kind of William Watson. Take this of Arnold:

A sad Ulysses of the spirit's quest,

or this of Tennyson:

Imbued
With tears and tender gleams of grave Virgilian mood,

or this of Browning:

Subtlest apologist of groping souls that grow,

or this of Mr. Swinburne:

The lavish lord of sweet sonorous lyre.

Or take as an example of set criticism in verse this elaborate "codification" of Arnold—occupying an entire stanza:

O nature strangely blent; light petulance
Of airy laughter; buoyant ease urbane
Of world and youth; the lucid lips of France;
Some breath of Byron's sick romantic pain,
Dispassionate, purged; bright cynic-edged disdain
Of Heine, clean unpoignant; peace austere,
Wordsworth's high woodland peace, unrapturous, sane;
Goethe's grave calm Olympian; Attic clear
Vision and wistful doubt and Stoic will severe.

The texture of the piece, however, is imperfectly represented by such close-packed stanzas as this. The whole poem is pervaded by the spell of the "sweet city with the dreaming spires," by "the last enchantments of the middle-age." Not seldom it rises from admirably versified criticism into poetry of grave and haunting music:

O south-wind soughing in the pensive pine!
O haunting flute of silent Corydon!
What mystic burden mingled, his and thine,
Speaks to my spirit ever and anon
Of half forgotten things, of roses gone,
Echo of empty life's long monotone,
Warm wafts from magic woods of Marathon,
What hope of deepening meadows, still unmown
After long arid May! What breath of spring unblown!

Now the last cuckoo hardly seems to cease
In liquid silence. Lingers twilight-stoled
Peace on the height and in the hollow peace.
The brooding elms with purple wings enfold
The steading's russet roof, the nestling gold
Of carven haystack. Eve, calm eve, hath strewn
Her incommunicable stillness old
Over the fragrant face of midmost June,
Bowed to the benediction of her mellow moon.

Perhaps even more than in most formally elegiac verse there is a lack of intensity, of original poetic energy in the conception of this that makes against its wide and enduring appeal, but for lovers of the old sonorities of the academic muse who are not averse even from her a-priorities, this mellow, deeply meditated monotone will have a potent charm.

In "The Door of Humility" (Macmillan Co.) Alfred Austin, also, has, as is habitual with him, rested content with the academic manner. "The Door of Humility" is a poem of some two hundred pages, resembling "In Memoriam" in its structure of quasi-lyric sections in four-line stanzas, though it is slightly differentiated by alternate rhyme. The substance of the poem is an account of a kind of sentimental *Wanderjahr*. The poet, being in love with an English maiden, is yet too proud to please her, and is told to keep away until he shall come with humble mind. He thereupon visits Florence and Rome, experiencing the customary emotions, and finally goes to Constantinople, whence he is recalled by the news of his sweetheart's dangerous illness. He arrives, acceptably humble, in time to receive her last valediction in eighteen stanzas, of which these four may be taken as an adequate sample:

As in the far-off boyish year
When did your singing voice awake,
Disinterestedly revere
And love it for its own great sake.

And when life takes autumnal hues
With fervent reminiscence woo
All the affections of the Muse
And write the poem lived by you.

And should, until your days shall end,
You still the lyric voice retain,
With its seductive music blend
A graver note, a loftier strain.

While buoyant youth and manhood strong
Follow where Siren sounds entice,
The Deities of Love and Song,
Rapture and Loveliness, suffice.

The piece is as a whole marked by suavity and a kind of thin dignity, though not seldom there is a lapse into banality, as where Mr. Austin, in a section faintly recalling a famous lyric by his great predecessor, writes:

The belfry strikes the silvery hour
Announcing her propinquity.

In passages the poem is not unpleasant reading, but as a whole it is an illustration of the old way of kings' laureates, who have too often felt at liberty to be as tedious as a king.

"Love's Testament," a sonnet sequence by G. Constant Lounsbery (John Lane Co.), differs from most sonnet sequences of idealizing passion in a certain piquancy of thought under-running the mood, and in the somewhat singular phenomenon that the cycle ends in a situation of cynical disillusion. The rather attractive quality of the sequence may be judged from this sample:

The gracious ghosts of those old sonneteers,
Whose memory glows with an immortal flame,
Wearing the mantle of a deathless fame,
That fades not with the falling of the years:
Shakespeare and Dante, Petrarch, equal seers,
Each with his threatening and majestic name,
To me, a humble poet, proudly came,
As I sat dreaming in the vale of tears.

And pity and rebuke I seemed to read
On every face at my audacity,
Till suddenly, in my bewildered need,
I bid them look, oh love of mine, on thee!
Then all astonished at the joyous sight
They vanished, and an unseen voice cried, "Write"!

After a dozen years we have a new edition of A. E. Housman's little book of vivid verse, entitled "A Shropshire Lad" (John Lane Co.). Mr. Housman has a masterly way of concealing an accomplished poetic art. His songs, put into the mouth of his Shropshire lad, are, in their preoccupation with the light loves of lads and the girls, a kind of rustic Anacreon for the times; but with a difference. Ale here takes the place of the subtler juice of the grape as a subsidiary inspiration, sometimes with Kiplingesque results, as where the lad sings—

Oh many a peer of England brews
Livelier liquor than the Muse,
And malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's ways to man.
Ale, man, ale's the stuff to drink
For fellows whom it hurts to think.

But the epicureanism of the lad is shadowed by a hue of modern fatalism which suggests that the temper of the peasantry in Shropshire may be little different from that of Mr. Hardy's Wessex. Perhaps the most characteristic, and in a way the most significant things in the book, are certain lyrics like "The Immortal Part," wherein a view of the world invincibly macabresque is phrased with a certain British obstinacy of manhood, that sharply contrasts with the turn a similar theme is apt to take in the hands of a continental poet:

When I meet the morning beam,
Or lay me down at night to dream,
I hear my bones within me say,
"Another night, another day.

"Wanderers eastward, wanderers west,
Know you why you cannot rest?
'Tis that every mother's son
Travails with a skeleton. . . .

"Therefore they shall do my will
To-day while I am master still,
And flesh and soul, now both are strong,
Shall hale the sullen slaves along,

"Before this fire of sense decay,
This smoke of thought blow clean away,
And leave with ancient night alone
The steadfast and enduring bone."

Lloyd Mifflin's "My Lady of Dream" (Henry Frowde) is a collection of love lyrics informed with that pleasantly sentimental, fluent lyricism with which Mr. Mifflin's readers are familiar. The little piece entitled "The Tryst With His Love" fairly embodies its fragile charm.

When the wings of the twilight-legion
And the ghosts of the sunset pale,
I float in the nebulous region
Of a spirit-haunted vale:
By the marge of the mystical river
I make of my love a lyre,
For she is a reed a-quiver,
And I am the wind, her desire.

The poems of Meredith Nicholson (Bobbs-Merrill) show most of the merits of the enlightened Indiana muse. Despite many fine single lines in the book, it is mainly pleasurable because of its variety of reminiscent moods. The fantastic melodies of Poe, the glamour of the neo-Celtic renaissance, the large patriotic strain of Lowell, the polish of Praed—Mr. Nicholson has admired them all, and has written in similar strains with intelligence and taste and with a certain clear-headedness and right feeling of his own that keep the result from being disagreeably imitative. But perhaps Mr. Nicholson is most memorable as well as most wholly himself when he adopts the tone of bookish but pithy quaintness, as in "Wide Margins."

Print not my Book of Days, I pray,
On meagre page, in type compact,
Lest the Great Reader's calm eye stray
Skippingly through from fact to fact:

But let there be a liberal space
At least 'twixt lines where ill is writ,
That I with tempering hand may trace
A word to dull the edge of it.

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And save for me a margin wide
Where I may scribble at my ease
Elucidative note and guide
Of most adroit apologies!

The five volumes of Bliss Carman's series, "Pipes of Pan," are now published by L. C. Page & Co. in what purports to be the definitive edition, but which is actually only the sheets of the five separate volumes bound together, each with its separate preliminary matter and pagination. As we have spoken from time to time of the separate volumes as they have been issued, there is no call to discuss them here, though it may be said that this grouping of his later work in one portly volume makes even more clear than the separate volumes have done that Mr. Carman is paying the penalty of too great poetic fluency. There is perhaps nobody in his generation who is more uninterruptedly master of poetic tone. There is scarcely a piece in the present volume that is devoid of melodious cadences and poetic imagery, yet the effect of the whole is of sunrise on a foggy morning at sea. There is a seductively colored mist of poetry, but an obscuration of landmarks. Mr. Carman's later work lacks poetic intensity, and the reader of it takes little away with him.

Miss Florence Wilkinson's "The Far Country" (McClure, Phillips & Co.) is a volume of uneven, but on the whole, singularly poetic verse. Miss Wilkinson has evidently wandered long on the misty moorlands of the Celtic renaissance, but though she has become imbued with much of the spirit of that haunting music, there is a humanism behind her writing, a vividness of imagination and a cling of phrase, that differentiates her work at its best from most of that which has been produced under the inspiration of the harp that now sounds again in Tara's halls. There is something of wildness in the flavor of her work, but it is not the offensive wildness which is sometimes the result of an earnest effort to escape the commonplace, for Miss Wilkinson, we believe, could not be commonplace if she tried. Her volume gives abundant evidence of the possession at least of those elements of genius which are set forth in this characteristic poem:

What seest thou on yonder desert plain,
Large, vague, and void?
I see a city full of flickering streets,
I hear the hum of myriad engine beats.
What seest thou?
I see a desert plain
Large, vague, and void.

What seest thou in yonder human face,
Pale, frail, and small?
I read a page of poetry, of sin,
I see a soul by tragedy worn thin.
What seest thou?
I see a human face
Pale, frail, and small.

What seest thou at yonder dim cross-roads
Beside that shuttered inn?
Untravelled Possibility,
The Inn of Splendid Mystery.
What seest thou?
I see the dim cross-roads
Beside a shuttered inn.

A little sharper discrimination between profusion and diffusion, a little sterner renunciation of unreal and extraneous adornment, a little firmer grasp of organic structure, and Miss Wilkinson will be a poet to reckon with.

Mrs. Louise Morgan Sill, in a collection entitled "In Sun or Shade" (Harper & Bros.), shows a predilection for looking down to Camelot which suggests Miss Wilkinson. With less of original endowment, she has perhaps a firmer touch with the file. Although there is much in her book which is rather dull, occasionally, as in this "Song of the Paving-Stones," she strikes a fairly searching chord:

We are the paving-stones;
Over our ancient bones
The restless people pass—
Over our patient bones
As breezes over the grass.

Endlessly to and fro
Man and woman and beast,
Hither and thither they go,
Beating to west and east,
Beating to east and west,
Like ships on the ocean's breast.

Some of them laugh in glee,
Some of them weep in woe;
Over our rattling bones,
On, with their moans and groans,
On, with their laughter free,
Over and over they go.

Brides all smiling and fair
Pass in their bridal white;
Babes that wonder and stare,
Men that have died that night.
Lovers whose hope is bright,
Lovers who know despair.

Men of a thousand fates,
Women of countless aim,
Each with his loves and hates,
Famed, or without a name;
Some that luxury know,
Some that hunger for bread,
Over and over they go,
Living and dying and dead—
Over our ancient bones,
Bones of the paving-stones,
As breezes over the grass
The folk of the city pass.

"A Modern Chemist and Other Poems," by Lee Wilson Dodd, stands out from the flood of poetry published by Badger, with something of distinction. There is brain work behind Mr. Dodd's verse, and poetic information. His reading is apparent in his work, but it is reading of an admirable variety, embracing such disparate writers as Landor and Dante, Browning and Beddoes. There is at present a certain overemphasis in Mr. Dodd's phrasing which blunts his fineness, and he has as yet imperfectly realized the vital truth that poetry is a fine art resulting in an objective product, as well as a means for turbulent self-expression. But there is a vigorous body in his work which makes the reader hopeful for its future growth. This nobly conceived, but somewhat jolting, sonnet to Carducci, presents Mr. Dodd at his average level of poetic attainment:

Carducci, hail! Hail, pagan poet! None
Has better loved the laughter of the sun,
Has better loved the earth's abundant breast,
Whereon the opulent summers sink to rest
Reluctantly, one after one, and thence
Draw the rich fountains of their opulence!
Your nature is like summer, ample, free
(Hail singer of the heart of Italy!)
From winter's chill secretive sophistry;
Winter, who frights us for a little space
By drawing death's white veil before his face,
Who thwarts the sun with shadow. . . . You
are not one
To fret with vapors the impetuous sun!
Life, life's abundance, these you still proclaim:
And life seems lordlier when we name your name!

A rather notable aspect of the recent outburst of poetic drama has been the frequent occurrence of Hebraic subjects—David, Herod, Saul, Judith, have all been made the theme of romantic plays in verse, and now Richard Burton has dramatized with considerable success the brief story of the harlot Rahab as it is told in two chapters of Joshua (Henry Holt). As a criticism of life the play is not conspicuous, for with the exception of Rahab herself, the characters are but outlines, and even in her case her abandonment of her evil courses through faith in the warlike God of Israel and her subsequent love affair on a high plane with one of the Israelitish spies are not very convincingly conducted. Indeed, the introduction of the love motif weakens the artistic vitality of the story as it is in the scriptures. Yet if the play lacks sufficient vigor to foretell for it length of days it has some qualities that are uncommon in contemporary verse. It is devoid of surplusage and bombast, its "sentiments" are often moving, and its backgrounds always picturesque. It is written in admirably workmanlike blank verse.

Another play from Christian material is "Augustine, the Man," by Amelie Rives (Princess Troubetskoy). This is a closet drama of the extreme type, only dramatic in that it is conducted in dialogue, though place is given to soliloquies of some hundred of lines. The theme of the play is the humanizing of the religion of Augustine through the death of his son, Adeodatus, whom, in the first ardor of his reformation, he had renounced along with his oldtime mistress, Melcara. The piece is written in fluent and highly flavored verse, and is not devoid of a good deal of an Euripidean poignancy.

## THE BATTLE OF REASON AND FAITH.

*The History of English Rationalism in the Nineteenth Century.* By Alfred William Benn. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., $7 net.

Leslie Stephen closes his survey of "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century" with the significant words: "I have reached the opening of a new period in the history of thought; and here I must pause, without even venturing to cast the most perfunctory glance upon later developments." Mr. Benn's two volumes may be taken at once as a rival and a continuation of the work thus brought to a close. Though the use of the word "rationalism" in his title might seem to indicate a narrower purpose than Sir Leslie Stephen's, this does not prove to be really the case; for "thought" in the preceding century was pretty well confined to the wavering conflict between reason and faith which Mr. Benn takes more frankly for his theme. The point of view of both writers is the same, and their literary methods are not greatly dissimilar. The chief difference is that, where Sir Leslie attacks the opponents of rationalism with irony and dry humor, his successor uses the heavier but less effective bludgeon of contempt. Apart from greater literary cunning, it cannot be said that the victory is always with the earlier writer, and this comes out emphatically in a comparison of his work with Mr. Benn's third and fourth chapters, which by way of introduction run through the history of the eighteenth century. In one particular, indeed, Mr. Benn has a decided advantage; his knowledge of the classical sources of philosophy is far deeper than Sir Leslie's, and it is,

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perhaps, owing to this that he succeeds in presenting such an author as Shaftesbury in true light, where Sir Leslie might have been expected to show his superiority, but where in reality he has gone all astray. Shaftesbury's "strongest antipathies are excited by that ugly phenomenon which our ancestors condemned under the name of enthusiasm," says Sir Leslie. That no doubt is the negative side of the "Characteristics," but without some such corrective as the following from Mr. Benn it quite misrepresents one of the most influential of English writers:

> That enthusiasm from which even the cultivated Addison shrank with alarm was shown by the far higher culture of this young patrician to have no necessary connection with sour faces and narrow conventicles. Greek in origin, it had been recognized by Greek philosophy as the secret of every great achievement in statesmanship, in creative art, and in speculative thought

It is a pity that Mr. Benn glides so hastily over Bolingbroke, the other philosopher who quite escaped Sir Leslie's logical net.

Elsewhere, in dealing with such a work as the "Analogy," Mr. Benn becomes confused and loses his guiding thread. "Butler, and it is the great secret of his power," says Sir Leslie, "is always depressed by the heavy burden of human misery and corruption." It is because Mr. Benn has little imaginative sympathy with all this side of human nature, because his interest, so much more than Sir Leslie's, is bound up with the single faculty of the reason, that his work as a whole falls below its predecessor. In the wider sense of the word he fails through inability to mark literary values. The *homo rationalis*, as Mr. Benn himself remarks, is a pure abstraction, and it is the distinction of literature that it never forgets this fact, whereas in the last analysis Mr. Benn deplores, if he does not actually ignore, it. Here, however, the fruitful comparison is not with the work of Leslie Stephen, but with such a history as Sainte-Beuve's "Port-Royal," where a religious and philosophical controversy is made part of the presentation of a whole civilization, and reason is properly related to the other faculties of man. Such a comparison shows how much nearer to the truth literature may approach than pure philosophy.

In the end this literary criticism must be directed against each of the two main parts of Mr. Benn's work, between which the survey of the eighteenth century lies as a kind of interlude. His first task is to analyze that conflict of reason and faith which he is later to follow historically, and here it would be hard to overpraise the subtlety and clearness of his argument. He does not veil his thesis. "Rationalism," he states frankly, "is the mental habit of using reason for the destruction of religious belief." His subtlety consists in showing how religious belief, or faith, shifts from one stronghold to another as it is attacked by reason. He begins with authority, which, under the form of a principle consciously entertained, is the oldest, the most widely diffused, and perhaps even now in the most advanced communities the most potent of all. At first this principle is obeyed unquestionably, but later there comes a time when these authoritative dicta are found to be at variance with one another or with the lessons of accumulated experience. The *quod semper, quod ubique*, is discovered to have endured but a little while, over a small portion of the earth. Driven from this outwork, faith makes its next stand in mysticism. All corporate feeling, whether evoked by family, school, army, city, country, or any other community, tends toward a personification through which the surrendered life of the component parts is returned to them in an enlarged and purified expression. "The peculiarity of communities constituted by identity of religious belief lies in their power of converting that belief into what we call faith, that is a belief held, if need be, against reason by virtue of a higher evidence than reasoning on facts of observation can afford. And this higher evidence is simply the self-consciousness of a creative act, which, in the words of the great Italian philosopher Vico, knows what it makes." The sense of communion is lifted up into an assumption of unity or contact with deity. But this very act carries with it a principle of anarchic and dispersive individuality destructive of the sense of community from which it springs. Skepticism follows, and this, too, becomes a bulwark of faith. A man knows nothing, and can know nothing; yet he eats and drinks, shows decided preferences, and exchanges information with his associates. All this, he tells you, is done by habit. Why, then, not go a step further and accept the prevalent religious dogmas as probably the safest, and certainly the easiest, course? This revulsion to faith through intellectual apathy may seem distinctly modern; as a matter of fact it is very old, and may be seen in the later schools of Greek philosophy and in their Roman disciple Cicero. But so obvious is the weakness of skepticism as a support to religion that commonly it merely serves to prepare the way for that last resouce of struggling faith, the appeal to results. Here Mr. Benn feels compelled to create a new word to convey his meaning, and, as the term is really a valuable addition to our philosophic vocabulary, we may quote his explanation at some length:

> For this, which I have called the method of appeal to results, there is no name in the English or any other language known to me, no single word answering to the three words traditionalism, mysticism, and skepticism, each of which sums up in itself a whole philosophy of faith. In these circumstances I propose with all diffidence to coin a new technical term; and Ophelism suggests itself to me as the most suitable that can be devised. It is formed from the Greek ὄφελος, "use," and therefore has etymologically the same force as Utilitarianism, a word that would have answered our purpose had it not been already appropriated as the denomination of a well-known ethical system, the system of those who hold that the ultimate end of action should be to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Ophelism, on the other hand, has to do with belief rather than with action, or with action only so far as it is determined by and justifies belief. But there is this much resemblance between the two, that ophelism, in at least one of its forms, measures the truth and falsehood of propositions by the same standard that utilitarianism applies to the value of actions, in other words, by the amount of pleasure or pain that their acceptance is calculated to produce.
>
> This "ophelism" may be intellectual, corresponding to the mental attitude of those who hold that certain propositions, otherwise unproved, must be accepted because their rejection would involve the surrender of other propositions which we are bound to believe; or it may be ethical, springing from the fear that morality would perish without the belief in God and the control of the church. This last appeal to results is also, according to Mr. Benn, doomed to failure, less from its logical irrelevance than because it exhibits with such startling clearness the essential incompatibility of the religious with the ethical ideal. In the end ophelism, like mysticism and skepticism, tends to resolve itself into a mere reliance upon authority, and we are thus brought round in a vicious circle.

It is in one sense, of course, a grave injustice to reduce a chapter of minute and powerful logic into so bald a summary, yet in no other way could the basis of Mr. Benn's history he laid bare. What he fails to perceive is that this very elusiveness of faith before its enemy reason shows that it is founded in a psychological *quod semper* of vastly greater force than the appeal to authority as that is commonly understood. He forgets that the *homo rationalis* is a mere abstraction. Reason may dissolve the forms which religion assumes and reassumes; it has no hold upon the faculty which creates the necessity of religion. As the greatest of Mr. Benn's masters, David Hume, once wrote: "What peculiar privilege has this little agitation of the brain, which we call thought, that we must thus make it the model of the universe?" Mr. Benn's rationalism falls ultimately as an argument because it is insufficiently literary, because, that is, it fails to blend and consider together the whole intellectual, imaginative, and spiritual nature of man.

And this same defect is displayed even more evidently in the main portion of the book devoted to the actual history of rationalism in the nineteenth century. It is, considering the purpose of the work, a relatively small matter that the distinctly literary judgments scattered here and there are feeble, if not perverse. Yet, even in a treatise, professedly rational and unliterary, we are a little shocked to find Walter Scott described as one who worked up romantic materials into classic forms, and are a good deal more shocked to read that Wordsworth could at no time in his life be identified with the romantic tendency. To misconceive the philosophy of romanticism so totally argues some considerable misconception of the springs of human nature. Nor does the arid and flippant chapter on Tennyson's mysticism bring reassurance. We are not surprised, therefore, to find a certain insufficiency in the chapter on the philosophy of Coleridge, which opens the reactionary movement of the century. Mr. Benn dissects the inconsistencies and waverings of Coleridge's metaphysical system, or lack of system, with merciless vigor. All this is well and legitimate. But it seems to us, nevertheless, that a still higher criticism would find a striking unity—or shall we say imaginative tendency?—underlying all of Coleridge's intellectual vagaries. It is this latent and sub-intellectual unity which gave him so much weight with his own generation and the generations that immediately succeeded; and just because Mr. Benn fails with his rationalistic plumb-line to reach that

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deeper stratum of Coleridge, he misses in part also the profound influence of his philosophy. Prof. Goldwin Smith was nearer the truth when he said that "Coleridge rather than Butler has been the anchor by which the intellect of England has ridden out, so far as it has ridden out, the storms of this tempestuous age."

On the other hand, where no other instrument is needed than Mr. Benn's shrewd rationalism, his argument often attains something like finality of persuasive clearness. We have never read anything better in its kind than the pitiless logic which is brought to bear on the inherent inconsistencies of Spencer's synthetic philosophy. Perhaps our admiration here has something of its etymological sense of wonder, for we should have expected to see Spencer treated more as a friend of the rationalist and less as a lurking enemy. It would only be fair to a work for which as a whole we have a very high regard, however much we may differ from its conclusions, if we were to draw copiously on this section concerned with the synthetic philosophy. But to summarize Mr. Benn's close argument, would be to weaken its force, if not quite to distort it. We must be content to refer the reader to the chapter itself, as indeed to the whole history of the Protean battle of reason and faith throughout the nineteenth century. The discussion is necessarily far less simple than Sir Leslie Stephen's account of the eighteenth century, and its dramatic unity correspondingly weaker; but it has a richness and variety that are not without their compensating interest.

## A GREAT HUNGARIAN VIOLINIST.

*Edouard Remenyi.* By G. D. Kelley and G. P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

No one can read this volume on and by Remenyi without regretting sincerely that the eminent violinist did not live to carry out his intention of writing his memoirs. The specimens of his letters included in it justify the characterization of his missives by one of his friends as "intensely interesting," and several of his essays are remarkably well written, as well as suggestive; whence we may infer that the story of his life from his own pen would have been a volume to treasure. However, what Gwendolyn Dunlevy Kelley and George P. Upton have written and collected makes an acceptable substitute; a volume which is much more than what they call it—"the skeleton of a work that might have been." Beside their own sketches of the artist, they have gathered reminiscences of the violinist's wife and half a dozen friends; tributes to his genius from the press; a collection of anecdotes; fourteen essays; and selections from the correspondence with Robert G. Ingersoll and other friends. There are also ten portraits.

Although Remenyi was born in Hungary, we might almost claim him as an American, for he was barely twenty when he first visited this country; it was here that he won many of his greatest triumphs; it was American life and scenery that inspired his best essays; and he died in San Francisco. He was of Jewish descent, his father's name having been Hoffmann, which the son Hungarianized to Remenyi. His coming to the United States at so early an age was for political reasons. In life as in art he was always an ardent Hungarian, and his patriotic fervor was aroused, in 1848, by the uprising against Austria organized under the leadership of Kossuth. He wanted to be a soldier, but Gen. Görgey would not allow him to go to battle because he considered his violin a mightier weapon than the sword; so Remenyi was asked to encourage the soldiers to action by playing patriotic battle airs, which he did with surprising success. He played not only in camp, but went from village to village, arousing the inhabitants with the Racokzy march, with such tremendous effect that the Government became alarmed and issued an edict forbidding his playing with this purpose, under the penalty of death—surely one of the grandest tributes on record to the power of music. He refused to stop, but was at last compelled to flee.

Having little money, he came to America in the steerage. His first concert was given at Niblo's Garden, on January 19, 1850. Six months later he returned to Hamburg, where he made a remarkable discovery, which was nothing more or less than—Johannes Brahms. Schumann is the man who usually gets the credit of having discovered that composer; but to Remenyi belongs the honor of having been the first to recognize his ability and to introduce him (to Liszt) as a new genius. Brahms was at that time giving lessons in Hamburg for fifteen cents an hour. He was sent as a substitute for Remenyi's regular accompanist, who happened to be ill; and the violinist was so much impressed by his playing that he engaged him at once. So the two travelled together, paying their way by giving concerts at various places. To Brahms this association proved of incalculable value; for while Schumann's proclamation of him as the new "musical Messiah" called the attention of professionals to him, it was through his "Hungarian Dances" that he first came into vogue as a composer; and for these dances he was indebted to Remenyi.

The account of this affair given to the world by Remenyi (pp. 82-95), after a silence of twenty years, does not show Brahms in a noble light. While the two were travelling, Remenyi used to kill time in the hotels at night by playing and composing Hungarian airs. These he submitted to Brahms, in whose judgment he had great confidence. Great was his surprise, in later years, to find his own melodies, with others well-known in Hungary, attributed to Brahms, who did not mention in the score the sources of his "Hungarian Dances." It was for this reason that the violinist never played the "Brahms" Hungarian Dances. He even had reason to fear that, had he played them, the public might have thought, to cite his own words, that he was "not playing them in the right way, inasmuch as they have been accustomed to hearing them given in a style totally different from my own, although I think you will concede that I ought to be the best judge of the manner in which my own compositions should be performed." Other composers have appropriated the Magyar airs of Remenyi as folk music (as they have the melodies of Grieg); and Mr. Upton remarks that "if his Hungarian compositions and arrangements could be collected and carefully edited they would prove an important addition to the music of that nationality." A partial list of his pieces and arrangements is printed in the Appendix.

When Remenyi returned to Hungary the second time (in 1891; the first time was in 1860) he was, his son relates, "greeted with a reception very much like the one Admiral Dewey had on his return to America. I was with him then. Soldiers lined the streets from the depot to the hotel, and my father had to make speeches. I saw an old man at a way-station shake him by the hand and say that now he had seen Remenyi, he could die happy." This enthusiasm over him had two sources—remembrance of his youthful help in the war and pride at the honor he had since shed on his native country by his art and his success in familiarizing the whole globe with Hungarian melodies and the true Magyar way of playing them. He was the artistic globe-trotter *par excellence.* There are records of him in Egypt, Australia, Japan, China, Java, the Philippines, India, Ceylon, Madagascar, South Africa, and nearly every other corner of the globe. There would be long silences regarding his whereabouts, followed by lurid reports of shipwrecks, capture by cannibals, and assassination; but, fortunately, as in the case of Mark Twain, the reports of his death were always "grossly exaggerated."

Every one has read of how he played one day on the top of the Pyramid of Cheops. In India he played for native princes, and heard their musicians in return. In our own country he appeared at symphony concerts with Anton Seidl, but that did not prevent him from subsequently playing medleys of American airs at Colorado mining camps. On one of these occasions, when he was completely exhausted, after repeating his patriotic medley three times, the audience became a howling mob demanding more, standing on stairs, and demolishing the furniture. His last appearance was at the Orpheum Theatre in San Francisco, where there were similar outbreaks of frenzied enthusiasm. They proved too much for him. His physician had advised him not to play, but he disregarded the warning. He had just begun a new piece when he fell forward, unconscious, thus fulfilling his own prediction to a friend: "I shall die fiddling."

If we inquire into the cause of Remenyi's remarkable power over vaudeville audiences on the one hand, and such great connoisseurs on the other as Anton Seidl and Carl Schurz (who, when Minister of the Interior, once presented him with a watch, the case of which was inlaid with twenty-florin gold pieces of Kossuth's money of 1848), we shall perhaps find it chiefly in the facts that to him music was an actuality, not a mere accomplishment, and that he had a unique and fascinating personality. In the war of 1848, he learned to know the power of music as something infinitely more than a mere diversion; and such it remained to him all his life. "Art possesses me entirely," he wrote in one of his brief essays. "With me it is not an agreeable pastime; it is my life, my blood, my everything." And he played like one of whom this was true. How utterly unconventional his performance was

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we realize from such remarks by himself, his friends, and the critics, as these: "I always improvise my variations before the audience, never playing them twice alike, and, before commencing to play, generally commend myself to the good will and charity of some musical guardian angel not to leave me in the lurch." Remenyi was impatient of any break in the stillness of a room in which he was playing, and often he would wander back and forth, his instrument in hand, his music growing fainter and fainter, as he moved farther away, and swelling as he returned, perhaps, to lean against a table or a chair, playing with eyes all but closed." Apparently absent-minded, "he rarely seems to realize that an audience is in front of him until he is awakened as from a dream by the applause."

With his complete tonsure, he looked so much like a priest that once, at a Colorado camp, a miner called out: "Hello, old man! give us your blessing first!" He was as abstemious as an anchorite. To his vegetarian diet he attributed his remarkable vigor, firmness of muscle, and strength of arm. It is to this peculiarity that Col. Ingersoll referred in a note, dated December 27, 1897: "This is letter No. 2. I forgot to say in the first that we would have baked apples, milk, and bread like the soles of shoes. You can get fat. Apples and Art, Bran and Brain, Milk and Music—what a blessed Trinity!" Remenyi's own letters are a quaint mixture of languages, puns, colloquialisms, superlatives, fun, and enthusiasm. Of his essays, the one on "PopularMusic" is to be commended particularly. Two sentences will show its drift: "What beautiful strains we possess in his [John Bull's] glees, madrigals, merry songs, and jolly, jolly hornpipes! Don't laugh—those hornpipe dancing tunes are very fine, a thousand times finer and better than thousands of pale-faced uncharacteristic compositions of our own day." In "American versus European Civilization," he takes issue with those who disparage our country, so far as the people are concerned; and in "Love of Natural Scenery," he waxes eloquent over our Indian summer foliage and our mountains: "A Rousseau, a Dupré, could have painted in these valleys for fifteen thousand years, and could only h- been at the beginning, just as Calame could have gorged his unquenchable thirst for glorious wild rocks and alpine grandeur in Colorado, New Mexico, and in some parts of Arizona for ages"; remarks which help to explain Remenyi's power over his audiences.

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*The Revival of Aristocracy.* By Oscar Levy. Translated by Leonard A. Magnus. London: Probsthain & Co.

Prophets are wont to be hopelessly out of joint with their times, and men of genius are often difficult of comprehension to their contemporaries; but it is also true that a man may easily be both difficult of comprehension and out of joint with his time, and yet be neither a prophet nor a genius. We fear that this is the situation with Dr. Levy, if indeed he really means what he says. In his main thesis he is plain enough. Our modern civilization is a gloomy swale of inanity into which humanity has sunk through the mawkish Christian notion of human brotherhood and equality. Napoleon aimed at the revival of aristocracy, but the age was too paltry to recognize and grasp the hand held out to it. Napoleon passed, and the flood of triumphant Christian Democracy swept over the world unchecked. "For the first time in the world's history Christianity was not only believed in (which is comparatively harmless) but practised and made real." The common people, under the fructifying sunshine of this universal love, married and multiplied, and being now without their natural aristocratic leaders fell into strife among themselves. "Everywhere the weak met the weak in combat, crowding, scuffling, hot, and angry; and, thanks to the prevailing principle of humanity, the weak ever multiplied and increased, and with every decade their leaderlessness became greater." The abdicating aristocrats, instead of clubbing the herd down to its proper level, even contaminated their gentlemen's blood by marriages with their servants, and naturally "European noses grew flatter, foreheads narrower, the ironical smile became rarer, eyes smaller, glinting more craftily, and with less divine composure." In place of that peace which consciousness of an ideal (the aristocratic ideal) confers on man came "neurasthenic spasms, an atmosphere of haste and scurry." So much have the pitiable virtues of Christianity done for the world!

But into this Cimmerian darkness three genial sunbeams have penetrated—Stendhal, Goethe, and Nietzsche. If it does not seem natural to classify Goethe with the other two, that is because the cat was too cautious to display his claws unnecessarily. "Goethe was an expert hypocrite, borrowing from cats their noiseless step, and concealing his carnivorous nature under a prudent sheepskin—*vulgo*, ministerial coat; clad in which, and bedecked with orders, he used to promenade about like an ordinary man." Goethe died, completely misunderstood by every mortal of his time except Heine, and after his death "an atrophy of intellect in history unparalleled seized upon Europe." Men jargoned of the altruistic life, and blamed their unvirtuousness "if two doses a day were not swallowed of the bitter medicaments, self-sacrifice and self-denial." And then the third gleam of a possible daybreak came in the form of Friedrich Nietzsche. Changing the figure, with our author, "the voices of Stendhal and Goethe have been only as the mumbling under earth of spirits of a healthier epoch long bygone; with Nietzsche the volcano shot up, and over the crosses and cloisters and torture-chambers of Christendom there burst the glowing lava-stream of heathendom, fated to sweep away the ancient civilization, ready to rebuild a home for a happier posterity." The author's faith in the success of this summons to a revived and happy heathenism wavers somewhat. Protestantism, democracy, industry, are nowadays triumphant all along the line, and with the Germans and English so deeply rooted in these Teutonic virtues there is little hope from the North. There, "a solitude called civilization could be made; but in Italy, to her good luck, heathen passions have never been entirely uprooted." And again, "To this wondrous people's eternal glory, they never through all the ages of Christendom have taken Christianity seriously. . . . In Italy heaven was not deemed worth earthly buffetings, nor the Christian faith a dagger thrust. The Italian stabbed to satisfy himself and not his God." And so Italy, building on Stendhal and Goethe and Nietzsche, may take the lead in "conferring on men more strength and mirth through more suffering; that the feeble may go to the wall and the strong find either slaves they can command or opponents worthy of them, on whom to steel and test their strength." But we have gone perhaps farther than necessary in the effort to give adequate samples of the substance and quality of Dr. Levy's book. The translation is dedicated in a special preface to the English, who are quizzically advised not to read it and assured that if they do they will most likely altogether misunderstand it. The desire to stir up a storm is evident on every page, but there is little indication that the key to the cave of the winds is in the author's hands.

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*The Constitutional Decisions of John Marshall.* Edited, with an Introductory Essay, by Joseph P. Cotton, jr. Two vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $10 net.

This is an elaborate study of Marshall's judgments, designed for both laymen and lawyers. It is a complete collection of all his decisions, both in the Supreme Court and on circuit, and is therefore fuller (though not, we think, better) than John M. Dillon's collection published three years ago, and annotated by himself and John F. Dillon. In both books the notes take the form of legal, critical, and historical essays on the text of the decisions, so that the reader is furnished with a gloss or comments of a valuable sort. The present volumes are the work of a lawyer who has aimed at popularizing his subject; we should be very glad to think that he had succeeded, for a United States in which these decisions should become widely studied and read would certainly be an extremely enlightened and probably soon an exceptionally well-governed country.

Marshall's decisions, however, important and enduring as they are, do not lend themselves to the attempt. They are too strictly legal to be capable of complete comprehension save by lawyers and publicists trained in this special field, although here and there the principles laid down, as in the case of the great rule on the subject of the obligation of contracts, and the control of the judiciary over unconstitutional legislation, have become matters of common knowledge. They can never be made a hand-book of the Constitution like the "Federalist" (essays written for a popular audience). They are the decisions of a very great judge, who had the good fortune to be able to develop and expound a new branch of jurisprudence. Marshall did this for American constitutional law as Sir William Scott did it for a great branch of international law; and as his subject involves the most important legal questions of government which can engage the attention of statesmen and publicists or affect the public welfare, so his judgments must always be, for us, those of our greatest judge. But they appeal to the enlightened reason and conscience; there is little in them to touch the fancy or arouse the curiosity of the general public. What can be done to make them intelligible by and commend them to the at-

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tention of that public, the present editor accomplishes by means of very readable historical notes, which bring before us dramatically the men, the times, and the situation. This critical study of the decisions presents an analysis of Marshall's exposition of the Constitution, proving and carrying on, to use his own language, "the opinions of the late Prof. James Bradley Thayer, of the Harvard Law School, who more than any other man of recent years has contributed to the better understanding of Marshall's genius."

For this technical criticism we must refer the reader to the book. It does not seem to us to throw any distinctly new light on what Marshall did, and, indeed, the editor seems to regard that as practically impossible. The new light in which he has himself made his studies seems to be that of the recent decisions of Marshall's court in the "Northern Securities" and "Insular" cases; and while fully agreeing that this may fairly be done, we are inclined to doubt whether a patriotic bias has not led Mr. Cotton to find in those decisions a radiance and illumination where others of high authority have found a discouraging obscurity. At any rate, it seems going pretty far to say of Marshall's general language in McCullough v. Maryland on the subject of implied powers, that it is the "judicial warrant" for "the power of our Presidents in grasping and establishing colonial empires."

What may be called Marshall's system really consisted of two parts, which have, at bottom, very little to do with one another: first, the subordination of State authority, wherever it conflicted with the constitutional power granted to the central authority (Federalism); second, the subordination of the Legislature to the Judiciary as the final arbiter of constitutional questions. One was political; the other legal—the great underlying principle of American constitutional law. The views of Marshall relating to the first subject proved completely triumphant. Of the old States-rights theories hardly a vestige is left. In his efforts to establish the second he was by no means so successful: the Dartmouth College case is still accepted as law, but the principle of the decision is so hedged about with qualifications and limitations that it has grown to have less importance to-day than any one would have dreamed possible fifty years ago. The development of the "police power" in the last fifty or sixty years has given all legislatures a weapon of the most formidable sort in their struggle with the judiciary.

We are inclined to think that much confusion would be avoided if commentators in future would endeavor to keep the line between these two parts of the system of Marshall distinct, and that, once clearly traced, it would show that there is no evidence for the opinion that the principles of Marshall's decisions are logical props for an omnipotent Congress. The recent decisions giving Congress plenary power over the "colonies" did not raise any of the old States-rights questions at all; they turned on the power of the Federal legislature under the Federal Constitution. Would Marshall have held that Congress could lay duties on articles imported from the Philippines, in the face of a clause in the Constitution requiring that "all duties . . . shall be uniform throughout the United States"? There was nothing in his Federalism which would have prevented him from denying to Congress any such power, and Loughborough vs. Blake looks very much as if he would have denied it, as the other theory underlying his system would have inclined him to do.

If the line which separates those of Marshall's decisions directed against the old doctrine of States-rights from those dealing with the fundamental questions of property, contract and common constitutional right, against which legislative attacks are generally directed, be kept in view, he will, we believe, always be found in the latter the staunch enemy of the encroachments of any legislature, as he was in the former the constant supporter of the supremacy of the Federal authority. If this be true, no effort to make him responsible for those theories of constitutional law which give Congress the power to "extend" the Constitution or at its pleasure to withhold it from territorial possessions, will be successful.

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*The Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania.* Vols. XIV. and XV. Documents from the Temple Archives of Nippur. By Albert T. Clay. University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. 1906.

Somewhere about 1700 B. C. the Cassites or Cossæans, from the mountains eastward of Babylonia, overran and conquered the latter country and established there a dynasty which is said to have reigned 576 years. The University of Pennsylvania expedition to Babylonia discovered at Nippur large quantities of documents belonging to these Cassite rulers, of whom up to that time very little had been known. The first considerable discovery of documents of that period was made during the second campaign, 1889-1890. Some 300 complete tablets and a large quantity of fragments, all baked, were found buried in the ground, just outside of and beneath the level of a very interesting building, about the origin and date of which there has been considerable controversy, the palace of the Court of Columns. These tablets were identified as archives, containing records of payments for the temple service, etc. Later in the same campaign large numbers of tablets of the same period, chiefly unbaked, were found at other places, and in the later expeditions apparently still larger numbers of tablets, mostly unbaked, of the same general period were discovered; the whole constituting an amount of material of very considerable proportions from a theretofore almost unknown period.

The 368 tablets and fragments of tablets published in these two volumes cover the reigns of eight kings, extending over 131 years, in the fourteenth and thirteenth pre-Christian centuries. Most of these tablets are derived, Dr. Clay tells us, from the original discovery described above. These were clearly identified as temple archives. He says further: "Owing to the unfortunate fact that the *provenance* of much of the material excavated at Nippur is not known, there are some tablets here published which doubtless did not belong to the official archives, discovered in the northern or southern sections of the city, but are of a private character" (vol. xiv., p. 2). It seems to us regrettable that those whose *provenance* is known and which came from a certain definite collection found in a certain definite place, which constitute the great bulk of the tablets here published, should not have been indicated by some mark which would enable the student to identify them.

In the introduction we find a very brief discussion of "a few points of historical importance which have come to light through the study of these documents" (vol. xiv., p. 3), viz., "the number of years that each king here represented reigned according to the dating of the tablets," the correct name, Kadashman-Bel, of a certain disputed king, and the meaning of a certain title. But these are rather points of historical unimportance. Surely Dr. Clay must have derived more historical material of greater importance than this for the Cassite period from his study of the tablets published in these volumes and the hundreds more collated by him. One obvious historical value of dated tablets is to establish or correct chronology. Now in vol. i., part i., of this series of publications Professor Hilprecht gave a chronology of the last twenty-four kings of the Cassite dynasty, of part of which he somewhat characteristically said that it "must be regarded as absolutely correct." The dated tablets in these two volumes fall almost entirely in this part, and neither as to names of kings, order of succession nor length of reigns do these seem altogether to agree with Professor Hilprecht's list. We certainly should have expected, in the discussion of "a few points of historical importance" in the introduction to the publication of these Cassite tablets, something about the light they throw on the chronology of that period.

While these volumes are numbered xiv. and xv. they are really only the fifth and sixth of the series of texts from Nippur. The first volume, by Professor Hilprecht, the publication of which began in 1893, contained old Babylonian inscriptions from 3000 to 2000 B. C. Then followed in 1898 vol. ix., "Business Documents," of the years 464-424 B. C., by Hilprecht and Clay. Six years later, in 1904, appeared vol. x., "Business Documents," of the years 421-404 B. C., also by Clay. In the current year we have part I. of vol. vi., by H. Ranke, and vols. xiv. and xv., by Clay, all covering periods in the second millennium before Christ. In thirteen years there have been published six volumes of the texts found at Nippur. We are glad to see that the rate of publication is being accelerated.

These volumes follow the same scheme as the preceding volumes of this series. The main body of the work consists of a very careful facsimile pen and ink copy of the texts of the tablets, seventy-two full-page plates in each volume, with a dozen or fifteen plates of photographic reproductions. To these are prefixed tables of contents, concordances of proper names, lists of signs used and introductions dealing with various matters of interest, the introduction ordinarily containing a few transliterations and translations of specimen texts. And precisely here it seems to us that the editorial scheme of the series is faulty, in comparison, for example, with the publications of the French exploration in Susa, which, al-

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though appearing with great promptness, contain transliterations and translations of all the texts published.

The Cassite tablets, it must be frankly admitted, are not in themselves documents of general interest. They are records of taxes, or rather rates collected, loans made, receipts for seed, cattle, grain, etc., and salary receipts from various temple officials, material to which only an expert hand can impart the form of life. One or two are pay-rolls, lined perpendicularly for the months (in one case for a whole year, with divisions into two periods of six months), and horizontally for the names and official positions of the persons on the pay-roll. In a list of payment of grain and dates as temple stipends for twelve months during the thirteenth year of Nazi-Maruttash there are forty-six names on the pay-roll. Of these four are marked as *harranu*, "on the road," or absent by permission or on business and receiving no pay. Three, against whose names no payment is entered, are marked as dead. Three "bread-grinders," one "gateman," and a woman, who is described as some one's daughter, are marked as HA-A, which Dr. Clay supposes to mean *halqu*, "fugitive." There are two more names with no payment attached and no explanation given. In all, out of the forty-six persons, fourteen for various reasons draw no pay. In some cases whole families appear on these pay-rolls, it would seem as though of hereditary right; and *vice versa* it would seem that the temple had an hereditary claim on them, and that they were bound to its service without their own consent; hence the "fugitives." The titles of many of the officials are not clear. In fact we as yet know very little about the organization of a Babylonian temple. It is clear that the system of administration was very highly developed. There was a huge army of functionaries and employees. The temple was a great corporation, owning lands, houses, and cattle, and engaging in industries. But Dr. Clay has not been able to interpret his material in such a manner as to throw new light on the methods of organization and administration.

The amount of labor expended on these volumes, both in the exact autographing of the text and also in the careful examination of all sorts of details, is enormous. Dr. Clay has made a series of experiments to determine the precise form of the stylus and the way in which it was used. He has experimented on the manufacture of case tablets to determine how the envelope of clay was placed over the interior tablet. He has shown that many tablets found without envelopes were originally "case tablets." When payment was made, the envelope was broken, but the inner tablet preserved for record. In minute and painstaking labor Dr. Clay excels. His autographic copies of the tablets leave little to be desired. His carefully garnered lists of proper names, place names, names and epithets of deities, contain material of much value to future students. In the broader field of the interpretation of the tablets and their utilization for chronology, for history, to reveal the life of the men who wrote them, the field of the introduction, his work is disappointing. We regret to have to add that the style is involved and cumbersome; the actual meaning of a passage is often difficult to determine; and some sentences are absolutely ungrammatical. There are also several mistakes due to careless proof-reading. The mechanical execution of these volumes is, as in the case of the previous volumes, irreproachable.

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*Cultes, Mythes, et Religions.* By Salomon Reinach. 2 vols. Paris: Ernest Leroux.

Under the foregoing title, which is almost a translation of the title of one of Andrew Lang's most familiar books, Salomon Reinach has brought together in two volumes seventy of his essays and reviews dealing with the history of religions, and a third volume of similar character is promised. Although the work consists entirely of republished materials (in some instances revised and brought up to date), it deserves more than passing notice. The articles, originally scattered through a number of literary and technical periodicals, are bound together by a unity of subject and method and constitute something like the chapters of a coherent treatise. If they occasionally repeat one another, they also confirm and illustrate one another; and the two prefaces supplement them all by a brief general exposition of the religious theory of the author. Thus it is more than a mere matter of practical convenience to have the essays in a single work. The material, it is hardly necessary to say, is of great interest, for the learning and acumen of M. Reinach are familiar to students of all branches of archæology, and the present collection only brings new and impressive evidence of his extraordinary productivity. He disavows all claim to originality for his general theory and method, and declares himself a follower of the English anthropological school. He acknowledges particular indebtedness to MacLennan, Tylor, Lang, Frazer, and Jevons, and most of all to the late Prof. Robertson Smith, to whose memory the work is dedicated. In the introduction to the first volume he describes his efforts to spread the knowledge of their work among Continental scholars, and he makes the surprising statement that in the year 1900 Mommsen had never heard of a totem.

M. Reinach's own doctrines are in some respects more "totemistic" than those of his masters. Andrew Lang, for example, has taken exception to his explanation of the Christian communion as a survival of the totemistic feast, and to his theory that the domestication of animals was a result of their preservation by a religious "taboo." In support of the former opinion, which M. Reinach really based upon Robertson Smith, interesting considerations are urged in the chapter on the death of Orpheus in the second volume, but the evidence is still far from complete. With regard to the domestication of animals, M. Reinach appears to us to invert the relation of cause and effect. His theory, however, is consistent with his whole conception of the preëminent importance of religion, or of the magic which represented it, in the life of primitive man. Religion, and not utility, he maintains, lay behind the development of all the practical arts. Primitive piety, and not necessity, was the mother of invention. The discovery of fire, the working of metals, and the culture of cereals, as well as the domestication of animals, he would attribute to the priest or magician. Rationalism itself, which he declares will ultimately supplant religion, was at first a product of it. Starting with this fundamentally religious, or superstitious, state of society, he defines the history of mankind as a progressive "laicization," which is still far from being accomplished, and in a few vivacious pages of his second preface (volume ii., pages xv. ff) he sketches the course of this process in the religions of Europe. The Reformation he describes as a retrogression from the rationalism of fifteenth century Italy, brought about by the ascendancy of German barons and peasants, newly born to intellectual life. Now the crude Protestant world has in turn been largely rationalized, and M. Reinach predicts for the twentieth century the further extension of enlightenment to the lower classes of the population who have never attained it hitherto. This formula is doubtless inadequate, both for the analysis of modern religion and for the conjectural reconstruction of primitive life, but M. Reinach's statement of it is earnest and vigorous, and his application of it to special problems is fertile in suggestions.

It is, of course, impossible here to give suitable consideration to the individual essays in the collection. Within the general field of the science of religion they deal with a large variety of topics, ranging from the origin of modesty to the recent controversy about "Babel und Bibel," or the writings of the Abbé Loisy. One chapter discusses a passage in Lucan and another seeks to defend the very doubtful religious interpretation of Virgil's fourth Eclogue. Others are concerned with the analysis of ancient myths or of mediæval legends. The most connected treatment is given to totemism and the taboo, which are studied in the first volume with reference to the domestication of animals, to marriage, and to the origin of sacrifice. A number of important chapters in the same volume deal with the religion of the ancient Celts, and on this subject, as on many others, M. Reinach's opinions are destructive of accepted doctrine. We cannot agree with him in his total denial of the existence of any Celtic pantheon, but we fully recognize that much of the Celtic mythology that has been constructed will not stand his searching scrutiny.

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*A Memoir of Jacques Cartier.* By J. P. Baxter. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

We have brought together here a considerable variety of contents. The Memoir itself is an essay of about fifteen thousand words, and occupies less than one-seventh of the space. In point of bulk the body of the book is taken up with a translation of Cartier's three 'Voyages,' a bibliography of works relating to the mariner, and an itinerary which follows his advance from day to day. Several collateral documents, such as Roberval's 'Voyage' and the 'Course of Jean Alphonse,' are also given, besides sundry papers from the archives of St. Malo. To conclude the list, we may mention the publication in facsimile of an important manuscript which was found as far back as 1867 in the Bibliothèque Impériale. This is the account, probably prepared by Cartier himself, of the voyage made in 1534. It dif-

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fers in several respects from the version given in Ramusio, and may be taken to represent the earliest narrative of this enterprise which we possess. Mr. Baxter not only gives an independent translation of the 'Voyages,' but supplies extensive notes. We have not been able to make out from the Memoir that Mr. Baxter has added much to former knowledge regarding the antecedents of Cartier or the circumstances under which he set forth to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Such material, for example, as Mr. H. P. Biggar has been collecting for the past few years (material which will soon be rendered accessible to the public), is excluded from the present work. Mr. Baxter, however, has collected all the essential data now available, and has given value to his geographical notes by going over in person the region which Cartier explored. One rather interesting fact which Mr. Baxter's researches have elicited, is that Cartier's 'Voyages' have been translated only into Italian and English. "I was not aware of this," he says, "until I began to prepare a bibliography of the literature relating to them, but I found, upon application to the principal libraries of Russia, Sweden, Germany, Holland, and Spain, that they possessed only French versions." Despite his perfidy in kidnapping Donnacona and other Indians, Mr. Baxter rightly gives Cartier credit for ranking among the creditable rather than the disreputable discoverers of the sixteenth century. This volume, which seems to have been a true labor of love, is a worthy tribute to his memory. Printed at the De Vinne Press, the typography deserves a special word of praise.

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*The Life and Letters of Alfred Ainger.* By Edith Sichel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

The "Life" of a man like Canon Ainger is easily written and he ran no risk of an unsympathetic or indiscreet biographer. He lived the dignified, well-ordered existence of the English ecclesiastic of secondary rank. His canonry and the readership and mastership at the Temple came to him without effort and were the rewards of a charming voice, a lively wit, and an exquisitely correct taste in literature. Sydney Smith, in his day, was not more invited out, but Ainger's jests were never mordant and few are likely to survive. They were apt to be intricate and they depended on the associations of the moment. Many of them, like that on Haweis's baby, "Pa will mind your music, but who will mind your morals?" or the epigram on Mr. Le Gallienne, which ends:

> O give us more of the godly heart
> And less of the Bodley Head,

will soon need a commentary and owe their merit to their spontaneity. Ainger was in fact a humorist rather than a wit. Sydney Smith himself said, he was convinced that the tendency of wit is "to corrupt the understanding and harden the heart," and Ainger was fond of repeating Pascal's "Diseur de bons mots, mauvais caractère." He was a rare instance of the heart getting the better of a sharp tongue.

His personality was so entirely out of the common, like Lamb's or Stevenson's, that no one who had once seen him could ever forget his frail figure, frequent gestures, and worn ascetic face. His career was determined by the fascination of his voice, which so charmed the Benchers of the Temple when he presented himself, young and unknown, as a candidate for the readership, that they elected him unanimously to that coveted post. He lived and died among the associations of the Temple, and filled the Temple church with the most distinguished congregation in London. His lecturing grew out of his sermons, and his favorite subject was Shakspere, which gave him a chance to display his great talent for acting. He had the whimsical, fantastic temperament of his favorite, Charles Lamb, and Elia will never have a more sympathetic editor. He was, of course, an exceptionally well read man, and when he speaks, on page 261, of Menander as quoted by S. Paul (he should have said, of course, Aratus) the slip of the tongue is obvious.

Miss Sichel's biography derives its chief interest from the letters, especially those to and from Du Maurier, who was Ainger's closest friend. Ainger's delight in *Punch*, over which he used to "writhe with amusement" every week, is less mysterious when one remembers that he furnished many of the jokes that were illustrated by Du Maurier. Less easy to explain is his passion for punning. The habit was ingrained, and though he often kept back an unkind witticism he was never known to resist a bad pun. In the first of the excellent full-page portraits in Miss Sichel's volume one may see clear evidence of that French Huguenot descent on which Ainger prided himself. The book is well got up and light for its size.

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*Animal Snapshots and How Made.* By Silas A. Lottridge. Illustrated with photographs from nature by the author. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Pp. xv, 338. Price, $1.75.

Mr. Lottridge has spent many of his annual vacations in the field, photographing and studying wild life. In the present volume he has woven his observations upon some of the familiar animals and birds of eastern North America into a series of short life histories, which he has illustrated with the products of his camera.

The book is divided into two parts, the first of which deals with mammals and discloses an intimate knowledge of the affairs of such forms as the fox, woodchuck, skunk, raccoon, opossum, muskrat, white-footed mouse, and squirrel. The pictures are uniformly good, while some of the series, for instance of the woodchuck and the muskrat, are splendid. To one familiar with the difficulties of outdoor mammal photography, they speak of great patience and prolonged effort.

The second part of the book is devoted to birds, and opens with a chapter on migration, in which our present knowledge of this complex subject is reviewed at some length. Of the birds as of the mammals the author has selected the well-known forms rather than the rare. They have not been chosen from any one group, but cover the greater part of the land birds in their range; and although the reader may be familiar with the bluebird, the robin, swift, bobolink, woodcock, crow, great-horned and screech owls, and the hen and sparrow hawks, to each of which a chapter is devoted, he will, nevertheless, find many interesting notes about their daily life and domestic affairs. These sketches, too, are illustrated by good photographs, those of the great horned owl and the red-tailed hawk being especially fine. There is also a chapter on the photographer's outfit, which has many helpful suggestions, especially for the beginner. With the apparatus here described and an endless store of patience he may add many ornamental and valuable trophies to his collection of photographs.

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*The New Sketch-Book.* By W. M. Thackeray. Edited with an Introduction by R. S. Garnett. London: Alston Rivers, Limited.

The volume consists of a number of reviews originally published in the *Foreign Quarterly* from April, 1842, to July, 1844, now collected and attributed by the editor to Thackeray. None of the subjects is of first-rate importance; Hugo's "Le Rhin," Dumas's "Crimes Célèbres," Balzac's "La Presse Parisienne," and Sue's "Les Mystères de Paris," are perhaps the most notable. Nor do they include any very remarkable criticism. Their interest consists almost exclusively in the ascription to Thackeray. The evidence upon which the editor relies to substantiate his assertion is mainly internal, with the exception of that which may be called coincidental. For instance: "In 1842 Thackeray wrote to Edward FitzGerald that he had read, . . . by way of amusement, Victor Hugo's new book on the Rhine. 'He is very great, and writes like a God Almighty,' continues Thackeray." "And on the first page of the review . . . we find him parodying Victor Hugo, who *is* very great; and on the third page he shows him posed as a divinity." The argument from style is equally conclusive or not as you look at it, particularly as it is not the mature and inimitable manner of the novelist which it would be likely to resemble under the circumstances, but rather the more or less conventionalized medium of the journalist or the hack. As it happens, then, no one but an expert, a thorough student of Thackeray's style on all subjects and at all periods, would be able to pronounce with assurance upon the authenticity of the papers. And yet there are passages here and there which would probably strike the ordinarily attentive reader as Thackerayan in tone and sentiment, even if he had never been warned of them. Such little terms and phrases as a "*how d'ye do* vein of eloquence"; such an apostrophe as "Ah, Monsieur Hugo—be careful of your jocularity, you are at best but a poor hand at wit; your pleasantries are for the most part old, very old, and weak, and stale. If joke you will, gibe at the rich as a philosopher may, but do not sneer at the poor"; or such a very characteristic tirade on snobbery as occurs in the "German in England:" "What a strange, simple adulation it is that we pay to that picture of an English coronet; we who look down with such grand contempt upon all foreign titles, talking of swindling French counts, beggarly German barons, shabby Italian princes, with lofty indifference and scorn!" These are certainly very like—as is also the general resemblance to Thackeray's partialities and prejudices. On the whole, the editor appears to have made out a

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fair case; and the curious may be referred to his own presentation of it in the third section of his Introduction. For the matter is, after all, of small consequence, except to the curious; the essays, even if they are Thackeray's, will add nothing of value to his literary monument, and will merely serve, future editions, as so much additional lumber to a work which is bulky enough already.

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*James, the Lord's Brother.* By William Patrick, D.D. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00 net.

In a book of some 350 pages purporting to be a biography of a man about whom little information is to be had, there are naturally lengthy observations on minute questions, as well as inferences for which there is slight justification. There is really no means of knowing whether James studied Biblical Hebrew, or whether he could speak Greek, or whether he was instrumental in the conversion of his mother. The latter Principal Patrick pronounces "highly probable," and similar conjectures which have not the slightest foundation in fact abound in his pages. One of the first lessons in historical criticism is to learn that there are a host of questions which one has no business to ask, since the requisite data for their answering are not at hand. The author of this essay has not learned this lesson, and he can write a chapter of thirty pages on "James, from the Beginning of our Lord's Ministry to the Resurrection." There is, on the other hand, no adequate discussion of the authenticity of the Epistle. It is simply remarked that "the genuineness has been called in question, but improperly," and that the evidence in its favor "is more than adequate to convince any reasonable man." This is hardly respectful to those who hold the opposite view. Such an article as that of the late Orello Cone in the "Encyclopædia Biblica" demands more consideration. One wishes that Principal Patrick had endeavored to make clear how a loose collection of moral precepts such as the letter of James, the Book of Proverbs of the New Testament, which contains about as much information concerning Jesus as it does concerning Elijah the Tishbite, could have come from an own brother of the founder of Christianity, who was sufficiently in sympathy with the prophet of Nazareth to have become a leader in the Church in the days of its first enthusiasm and fire, when Jesus the Messiah was its gospel in season and out of season, and when with expectant, exultant hearts, the Christians watched the heavens daily for the coming of their Lord. "James" is too calm, too quietly good, for the date to which Principal Patrick endeavors to ascribe it. In an essay which undertakes to present all that can be known concerning James, the Apostolic Council at Jerusalem described in Acts xv. naturally receives full treatment. The author has a brief for the traditional opinion. He insists on the reliability of the narrative in Acts and interprets Paul's words in harmony with it. This is not a new solution; it has been definitely abandoned by the majority of critics and Principal Patrick advances no good reasons for returning to it.

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*Confederate Operations in Canada and New York.* By John W. Headley. New York: Neale Publishing Co. $2.

John W. Headley is a cool hand, whence his extraordinary, if not altogether edifying, experiences at the time of the civil war. A Kentucky man, he joined the Confederate forces, and became mixed up in much of the guerrilla fighting and spying that fringed the contending armies with a wide zone of adventures. Some clever escapes from capture, and an inborn capacity for going nearly anywhere and doing anything marked him out for special service when, in 1864, Jeff Davis grew desperate and began to hit wildly. Then a few score Confederates, most of them escaped prisoners, began operations on the opposite frontier from Robert Lee, and in an opposite manner. The United States were invaded from the north. Forty Confederates held up the town, and, especially the banks, of St. Albans, Vt. Mr. Headley, with another band, effected a lodgment in New York city, via the New York Central, and, with a skill open to criticism but a coolness that compels amazement, prepared to burn down the city. This delightful feat, the details of which he now complacently offers to an insatiable public, was to celebrate (or perhaps accelerate is the word) McClellan's election to the Presidency; and, until a suitable date for the event could be fixed in agreement with a local Copperhead committee, our author, apparently bent on self-improvement, attended the then popular entertainments—Barnum & Bailey, Henry Ward Beecher, Tammany Hall, and Artemus Ward. On the night of the 25th of November, 1864, the great and noble enterprise was carried out. Nineteen hotels and Barnum's Theatre were fired—for in what twenty localities could more innocent victims be found conveniently herded together? But, alas for Mr. Headley and his friends, a very few minutes sufficed to put the fires out, and he had to retreat, defeated, by sleeping car, to Canada. The police were all apparently in Virginia with Grant, or asleep.

Mr. Headley's book is mostly an inaccurate rehash of the facts of the civil war; but a few chapters contain an account of the New York affair that might, if better presented, have been interesting. As it is, the style is graceless as the narrative is shameless.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Analytical Holy Bible. Edited and arranged by Arthur Roberts. Carbondale, Ill.: Egyptian Publishing Co.
Blum, Léon. En Lisant. Paris: Société d'Editions Littéraires et Artistiques.
Campbell, Frances. Dearlove. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Dauncey, Mrs. Campbell. An Englishwoman in the Philippines. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.
Dictionnaire International des Ecrivains du Monde Latin. By Angelo de Gubernatis. iv. and v.
Fletcher, Ella Adelia. The Philosophy of Rest. Dodge Publishing Co. 75 cents.
Fogazzaro, Antonio. The Saint. Translated by Agnetti Pritchard. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Gaussen, A. C. C. A Woman of Wit and Wisdom. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.
Kelly, Margaret Duncan. Story of Sir Walter Raleigh. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cents.
Kenyon, Orr. What God Hath (Not) Joined. Dodge Publishing Co. $1.50.
Lang, Andrew. Story of Joan of Arc. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cents.
Lang, John. Story of Captain Cook. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cents.
Lewis, C. M. Principles of English Verse. Holt & Co. $1.25 net.
Master-Man, The. John Lane. $1.50.
Michelson, Miriam. Anthony Overman. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Nabuco, Joaquim. Pensées Détachées. Paris: Hachette et Cie.
Nelson's Encyclopædia. Vols. II. and III. Thomas Nelson & Sons.
Newkirk, Newton. Recollections of a Gold Cure Graduate. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. 75 cents.
Quiller-Couch, A. T. From a Cornish Window. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.
Rickett, Arthur. Personal Forces in Modern Literature. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.
Russell, A. D., and A. A. Shurawardy. First Steps in Muslim Jurisprudence. London: Luzac & Co.
Sinclair, May. Audrey Craven. Holt & Co. $1.50.
Smith, F. Hopkinson. The Tides of Barnegat. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
Tokyo Imperial University Calendar, 1905-1906. Published by the University.
Vaux, Patrick. The Shock of Battle. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Vay de Vaya, and Luskud, Count. Empires and Emperors of Russia, China, Korea, and Japan. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.
Volter, Daniel. Der Erste Petrusbrief Strassburg: J. H. Ed. Heitz.
Washington, George. Letters and Recollections of. Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50 net.
Webster's New Standard Dictionary. Intermediate School Ed. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 50 cents.
Weston, Thomas. History of the Town of Middleboro, Massachusetts. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5 net.
Whates, H. R. Canada, the New Nation. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

"The application of scientific methods in a new and difficult field makes this book a notable one. The reviewer commends it to PSYCHOLOGISTS, HISTORIANS, and PARTICULARLY TO SOCIAL REFORMERS, as well as to STATISTICIANS."
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**Heredity in Royalty:** A Statistical Study in History and Psychology.
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